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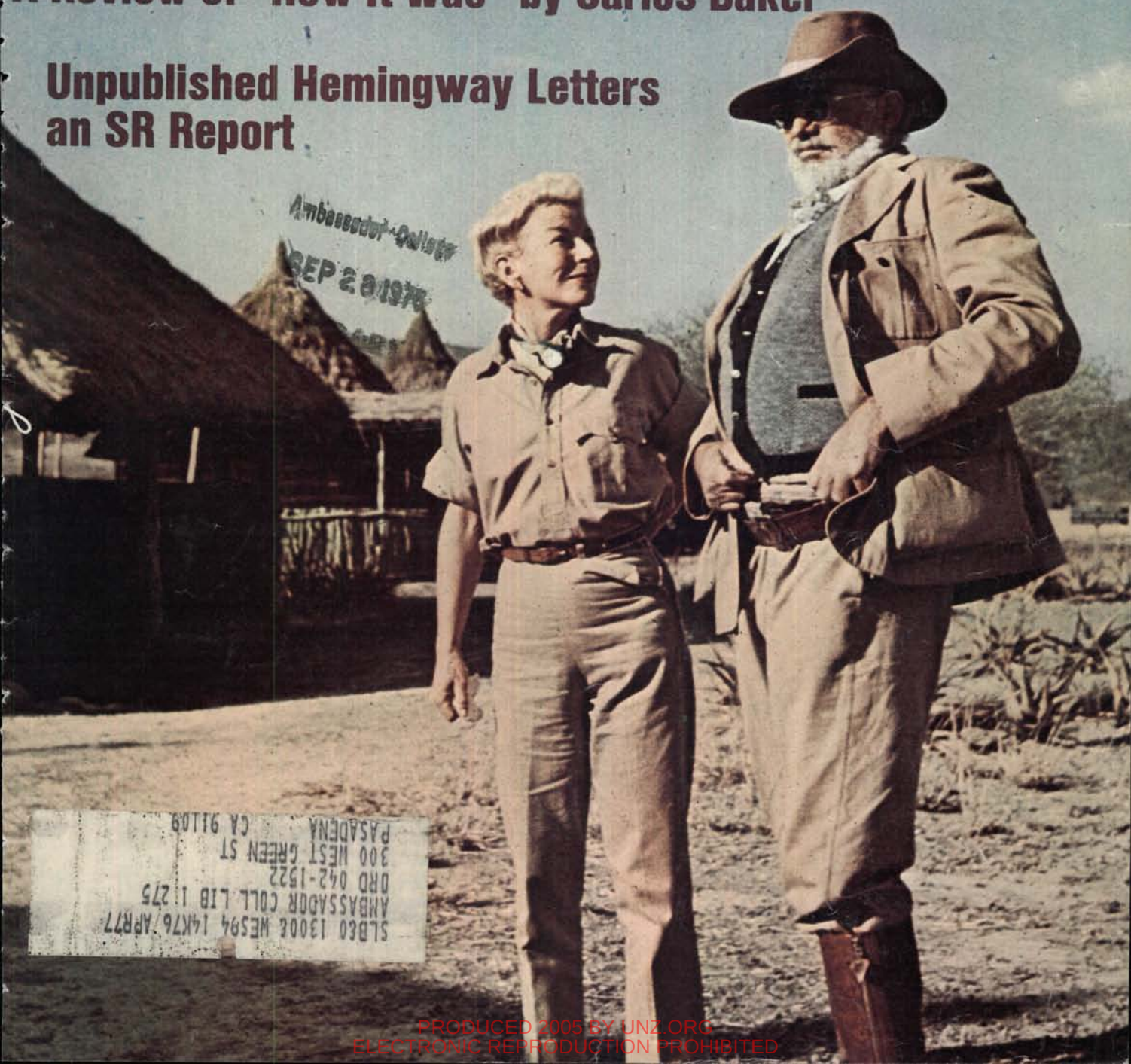

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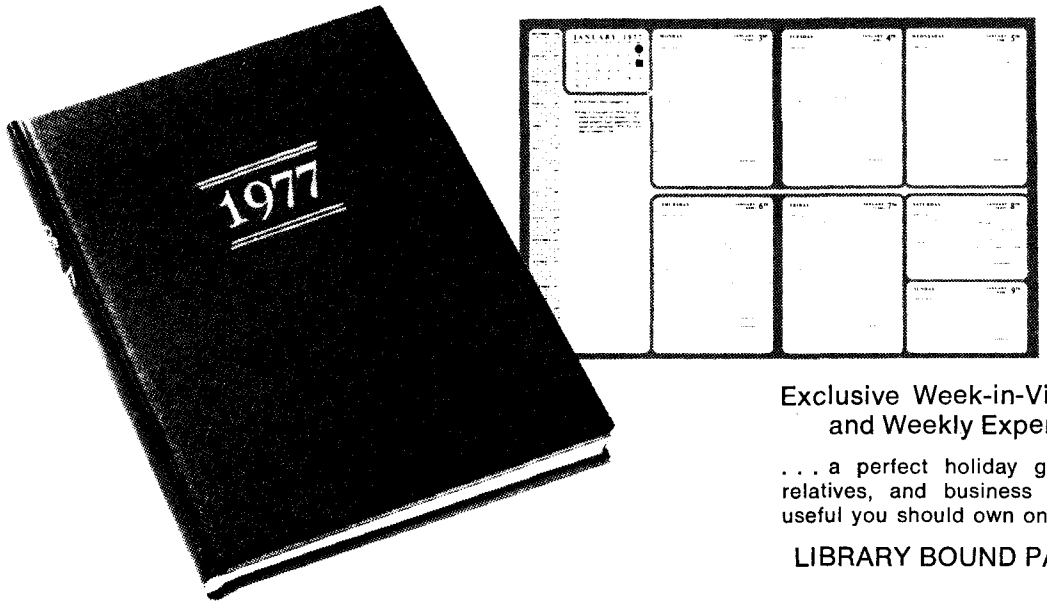

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Saturday Review

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Cover photograph of Mary and Ernest Hemingway in Africa from the Hemingway Collection at the Kennedy Library (see review on page 24)

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The Hemingway Letters

Hemingway: "Writing is a rough trade. *D'abord, il faut durer.* [Above all, hang in there.]"

YEARS ago, I tried to augment a very modest salary by traveling the lecture circuit as a book reviewer. Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* had just been published and was on my review list when I spoke to a literary club in fashionable Oak Park, Ill.

Following the talk, a well-dressed, soft-spoken woman asked if I could supply additional information about my statement that when Ernest Hemingway was a young boy of ten or twelve, his father occasionally took him to see prizefights. The woman said she had never heard about this aspect of Ernest's upbringing. I replied that young Ernest's early interest in prizefighting was a standard item in the biographical data about the great novelist. I told the woman I would be glad to look up the source material and send it to her. She thanked me, then wrote out her name and address. She was Ernest Hemingway's mother.

It was one of life's more embarrassing moments. Ever since, I have been wary of retailing personal information about authors—or about anyone else. But the incident also underlined for me the fact that one has to be especially careful in talking about Hemingway, whose life lent itself all too easily to colorful but apocryphal material. And the farther one travels from the United States, the more extravagant are the tales one hears about him. Yet it is only natural, perhaps, that there should be so many legends about a man who, throughout the world, is regarded as America's greatest modern writer.

Mary Hemingway's book about her husband (reviewed in this issue by Carlos Baker) provides a balanced new pedestal for Ernest Hemingway. Mrs. Hemingway has also informed *SR*'s editors about a batch of unpublished Hemingway letters given by her to the University of Maryland Library. The letters cannot be published because of an express request by Ernest Hemingway himself. But *SR*'s editors have been authorized to examine the material and to report on it in this magazine.

The unpublished correspondence we saw is divided into two parts. The first is an exchange of letters from 1949 to 1951 with Arthur Mizener, who had solicited Hemingway's assistance for a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The second part consists of letters written between 1923 and 1925 to Edward O'Brien, the short-story anthologist.

First, the Mizener letters. Hemingway was surprisingly frank in his comments about Fitzgerald; he was even more frank about himself. He emerges from these letters—as he does from Mrs. Hemingway's book—in a light starkly different from the one in which the public had imagined him. Over the years, the general picture of Hemingway has been of a strong, confident, hearty, free-striding extrovert. Supporting this image were Hemingway's public preoccupations with wars, bullfighting, big-game hunting. His letters confirm these preoccupations, but they also reflect a mind seldom at peace. They give a picture of a man insecure about almost everything—his career, his literary reputation, and, judging by the claims he was always making for it, his own masculinity.

The formality of Arthur Mizener's initial letter, seeking documentary material for his biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, would seem to suggest that Hemingway and Mizener were not personally acquainted. Whether or not Mizener expected an affirmative reply is difficult to say; but he must have been surprised, to say the least, by the prompt, affable, and even voluble response. Hemingway couldn't put his hands on his correspondence with Fitzgerald. Even so, he had no difficulty in summoning personal recollections of the author whose name had become synonymous with the Jazz Age of the Twenties.

HEMINGWAY'S tone in writing about Fitzgerald was friendly, even cozy at times, but he didn't soften his opinion that Fitzgerald was not a major writer, certainly not the finest American novelist of the 1920s. Hemingway was careful not to be explicitly disparaging or to juxtapose himself directly with Fitzgerald, but one gets the impression from these letters that he had cast himself in the role of Fitzgerald's mentor. The scenes and conversations he describes make Fitzgerald seem almost like a little boy trailing along after Hemingway, always in awe and frequently in need of reassurance about his intimate and professional inadequacies. The phrase "poor Scott" in these letters is almost a commonplace; when used, it is affectionate in manner but devastating in effect. "Poor Scott" had a terrible sense of physical inferiority; "poor Scott" lacked the experience to be a great writer; "poor Scott" was weighted down by feelings of sexual inadequacy and his inability to satisfy Zelda. And, in the letters, it was always Ernest—knowledgeable, strong, accessible Ernest—who helped Scott to feel better about himself, to be more confident as a man, writer, lover.

Hemingway wrote Mizener that once, when both men were in Paris, Scott asked to be taken to the restaurant where, years earlier, Hemingway and James Joyce used to lunch. Hemingway gives a picture of Fitzgerald over lunch at Michaud's—wide-eyed and ingratiating, excited about a place where "Jim" and Ernest used to eat and talk. Then Hemingway tells of Fitzgerald's confession of despair over his undersized male organ. Hemingway says he did his best to relieve Fitzgerald of the worry—taking him into the men's room, giving him a reading, and asking him to accept expert testimony that he was not abnormally small. In the same letter, Hemingway capsuled his impression of Fitzgerald: romantic, ambitious, talented, an al

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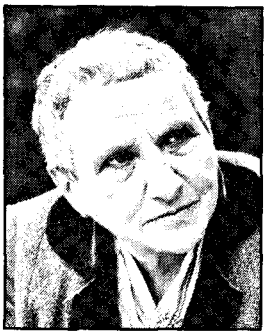
Pictorial Parade

F. Scott Fitzgerald—charming, but a hero-worshiper.



Culver

Gertrude Stein—Reading her was "tough going but wonderful."

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James Joyce—He could write better than anyone else Hemingway knew.

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Edmund Wilson—No one from whom to seek literary approval.

but alcoholic who not only was uneducated but refused to do anything about it. He saw Fitzgerald as a charming, cheerful companion when sober, although a little trying because of his hero-worshiping. His heroes were Hemingway himself, Tommy Hitchcock, and Gerald Murphy—according to Hemingway. Worst of all, wrote Hemingway, Fitzgerald was completely undisciplined and would quit at the drop of a hat. He was "fragile Irish" instead of "tough Irish."

An apt title for the Hemingway letters about Fitzgerald might be "I Loved Scott Very Much but . . ." Hemingway loved Scott very much, but he found Scott extremely difficult because of his relationship with Zelda; she made Scott feel inadequate and was jealous of his fast-growing literary success. He loved Scott very much, but he was bored by Scott's "thirst for fame" and his "pompous musings." He loved Scott very much, but he "never had any respect for him ever except for his lovely, golden, wasted talent." He loved Scott very much, but he finally gave up on him because of Fitzgerald's small bickerings and senseless jealousies. He loved Scott very much, but he was embarrassed because Scott kept looking up to him as his hero. Hemingway loved Scott very much, but Scott took literature too solemnly; he never understood that it is just writing as well as you can and finishing what you start."

The comments on writing as a craft were sparse. Hemingway did, however, say that "writing is a tough trade. *D'abord, il faut durer.* [Above all, hang in there.]" And the most Hemingway-esque remark of all: "I love to write well."

If Hemingway loved Scott with reservations, his animosity and even contempt for Fitzgerald's literary admirers were total and undisguised. Few American literary critics had written more favorably of Fitzgerald than Edmund Wilson, who was also a persistent minority voice among the critics in questioning Hemingway's status as a writer. Hemingway advised Mizener not to be influenced by Wilson. ("He has strange leaks in his integrity . . . leaks so bad that if he were an aqueduct he would be dry.") Hemingway hoped that Mizener wouldn't have to send his Fitzgerald biography to Wilson for approval. He wondered whether Wilson could make himself clear. ("I get sick of Bunny Wilson writing about some mysterious thing that changed or formed my life and then dismissing For Whom the Bell Tolls in a footnote. Why doesn't he say what the mysterious thing is?")

Then Hemingway speculates that Wilson might have been referring to the fact that Hemingway's father shot himself, or that Wilson didn't particularly like Hemingway's mother, or that Hemingway had been shot twice through the scrotum, through the right hand, left hand, right foot and left foot, and through both knees and the head. (Hemingway finds it appropriate to enumerate his war wounds several times during the course of this correspondence.)

Whether Hemingway's references to himself in these letters are incidental or coincidental, the fact remains that his recollections of Fitzgerald triggered in these letters all sorts of autobiographical oddments and personal observations.

In an apparent reference to the psychoanalytical emphasis on mother-son relationships, Hemingway volunteered to Mizener the information that he had many loves—his wife, Mary; two sisters; five dogs; twenty cats; four airplanes; two cities; five towns; three continents; one boat; and numberless other women. Then, following an "also," he listed his children, writing, reading, shooting, fishing, skiing, various people in Venice, the 4th Infantry Division, the 22nd Infantry Regiment, Fats Waller, the French steamship *Normandie*, "which was burned by idiocy and sold for scrap," Hong Kong, two girls in Venice and one in Paris.

Who was Hemingway's god? He said his god painted wonderful pictures, wrote some fine books, fought Napoleon's rearguard actions in the retreat from Moscow, fought on both sides in the American Civil War, did away with yellow fever, taught Picasso how to draw and Jim Thorpe to play football and Walter Johnson how to pitch (the ball was as small as a marble when it crossed the plate but it would kill you if it hit you but he never dusted anyone off, ever), sired Citation, and killed George Armstrong Custer.

As for Scott's god? Clearly monotheistic. Hem-

"The phrase 'poor Scott' in these letters is almost a commonplace; when used, it is affectionate in manner but devastating in effect."

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ingway said he was convinced that Scott's god was Irving Thalberg, the movie tycoon.

He told Mizener that the only living writer he had ever respected was James Joyce. He said that "Jim" had had his problems but could write better than anyone else he knew. Gertrude Stein was "nice" until her change of life.

"If Hemingway loved Scott with reservations, his animosity and even contempt for Fitzgerald's literary admirers were total and undisguised."

Commenting on Fitzgerald's work, Hemingway was cautious with his praise. He thought that Fitzgerald's best book—"in spite of inconsistencies"—was *Tender Is the Night*. Fitzgerald seemed more "grown up" in that novel than in the others. He thought *Gatsby* was "OK—with reservations." *This Side of Paradise* he regarded as "comic." He couldn't get through *The Beautiful and the Damned*. As for the short stories, he didn't believe any of them were "great," but the best were "Babylon Revisited" and "The Rich Boy."

Then, reflecting on these opinions, he said he knew he was probably being unjust but asked Mizener to remember he was "writing as a pro and someone who would like things to be perfect."

Was it all animus? Hemingway was trying to tilt Mizener against Fitzgerald, but the attempt was so obvious it was almost honest. Was it that he couldn't stand the idea of Fitzgerald's getting the recognition he thought should be given to him? Was it possible that most of the things he wrote about Fitzgerald were true of himself? Was he sick with the jealousy he attributed to Fitzgerald? Was it likely, as his son Gregory writes, that success twisted him, made him overdrink to kill the pain that came with the decline of his literary powers?

THE change from the aspiring writer to the celebrated author is dramatically apparent in the stark difference between the letters written to Edward O'Brien from 1923 to 1925 and the letters to Arthur Mizener a half-century later. The Mizener letters were a free association of ideas, fascinating but jumbled. The level of grammar made one think that Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway's longtime editor, probably had to do as much for Hemingway as he had done for Tom Wolfe. By contrast, the early letters—although they made explicit the thirst for recognition and reflected some resentment that it was slow in coming—were coherent, sequential, focused, grammatically sound, and the work of a well-integrated intelligence.

In 1923 Hemingway had not yet published *A Farewell to Arms* and was trying to make a living largely through his short stories. He was flattered that Edward O'Brien was interested in the possibility of including stories by him in his famous annual collections. He confided to O'Brien that he was discouraged by his dealings with magazine editors. He had submitted a story to *Redbook* about an Italian gunman and had received a letter from one of the *Redbook* editors suggesting that the story be revised in order to give it more "heart." The editor suggested that Hemingway change the story by making the gunman the sole support of an aged mother and by reforming the gunman in the end.

Hemingway's comment to O'Brien about this episode was that it was frightening to have written the best that was in him only to receive such ridiculous suggestions. "It throws me all off and makes it almost impossible to write. . . . And yet I want, like hell, to get published."

Another letter to O'Brien found Hemingway low and discouraged, too tired at night to think, let alone write. He said he was all bottled up with ideas and couldn't get them out.

A letter dated September 24, 1924, was far more optimistic. He said he had written a 12,000-word story called "Big Two-Hearted River." It was much better, he said, than anything else he had written. He was eager to know what O'Brien thought of it.

The same letter shifted abruptly to an account of his guest editorship of the *Transatlantic Review*. He said he had persuaded Ford Madox Ford to publish Gertrude Stein's *Making of Americans*. He told O'Brien that reading Stein was tough going but wonderful. "To get it, really, you have to concentrate as tho you were reading proof on it." He also said he was "coaching" a young man named Asch [Sholem Asch]—a kid with plenty of talent." He was also "coaching" some other young writers but found it discouraging when, instead of doing "something in their own way," they went about imitating other writers who had made it.

AN UNDATED letter expresses Hemingway's pleasure about O'Brien's selection of his short story "The Killers." He also seemed vexed with his publishers for having made O'Brien's acquisition of the story unnecessarily complicated. He expressed even keener displeasure with his British publisher, whose royalty statement reported the sale of only 124 copies of *In Our Time* and informed the author that he owed them twenty pounds on an advance of twenty-five pounds.

Within a year, Hemingway's prospects had brightened considerably. Offers from magazines were arriving in profusion—so much so that he found it necessary to turn most of them down.

Despite the striking change in style and in attitude between the O'Brien letters and the Mizener letters, one motif persists in both. Hemingway never really conquered his insecurities—emotional, intellectual, financial, professional. Early in 1951 when last he wrote to Mizener, he was still a decade away from the self-inflicted end; but even then the sequences were slipping away from him. His judgments showed evidence of disconnected thought processes. The prejudices were getting out of hand. As is evident in Mary Hemingway's poignant book, when the end came, Ernest Hemingway was as insecure and troubled as he was decades earlier, when writing to O'Brien.

The relentless erosion of a great literary talent is more than a personal tragedy, more than a national sorrow. It is loss without end for humanity itself. Writers and poets make possible the mingling of minds beyond time and circumstance, opening them to a view of the eternal. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Living on a Lifeboat

. . . I applaud N.C.'s editorial ["Harm Through Mercy," July 24]. His attempt to refute Garrett Hardin's notion—that we should use "benign neglect" to doom the disadvantaged of the earth to extinction—is laudable. . . .

If humanity is to survive and thrive, the circumstances that Professor Hardin predicts must never come to pass. . . . By limiting ourselves to the resources of the earth, we are indeed resigning our race to a sorry fate. But the resources of the universe are untold. We must learn how to use them to satisfy the burgeoning population of the earth. . . .

As soon as man gets over the shock of realization that the earth's resources are finite, and as soon as he focuses on providing a bright future for his progeny, he can begin experimenting with ways of putting nearby parts of the universe to the service of man. Until then let us restrain, with all the strength and fortitude we can muster, those who would destroy mankind under the guise of "saving" it.

E. T. Lima
Forest City, N.C.

Why Not Sixty-five?

Paul Woodring's article ["Why Sixty-five?" August 7] concentrated on the individual and failed to look at retirement from the point of view of the institution. . . . If we all agree that age eventually dulls the mind and numbs the skills, we must also concede that at some birthday retirement becomes a must.

Woodring wonders where the age sixty-five comes from. I think I am correct in believing that Bismarck, in putting in Germany's first pension plan, picked the age sixty-five because he did not believe his citizenry would live long enough to cost the government a significant sum. Perhaps sixty-five is too young for us—but would moving the age up to sixty-eight or seventy help? Those who don't want to retire at sixty-five won't at seventy, either. . . .

David Sargent
Boston

. . . Having faced these problems from both sides of the desk, I have concluded that a mandatory retirement age is the kindest thing for all concerned. It is much easier for people to accept mandatory retirement than to face the alternative—someone telling them they are no longer competent. . . .

Mildred Katzell
New York City

. . . In *some* instances mandatory retirement at age sixty-five serves a good purpose, particularly in the higher income brackets, where entrenched executives want to hang on to their privileges with death grips. . . .

While the mandatory requirement should of course be modified, a far greater number of elderly people would welcome retirement if the economic factor were eased. A good part of the problem involves our system of pension rights. Social Security was never intended to bear the entire burden of old age. It should be the responsibility of private enterprise. . . .

Pat Magarick
Abington, Pa.

. . . I was especially put off by the argument that a person who has been lucky enough to hold a steady job up to the age of sixty-five has not developed enough wit, enterprise, and wisdom to make his retirement years useful. . . .

Russell P. MacFall
Evanston, Ill.

. . . I was totally unsuited to my job, hated every minute of it, and felt guilty for taking salary checks I knew I had not earned. Retirement for me was a parole for good behavior, a severing of the chain that had bound me to an abject life of drudgery and unwilling labor. I numbered the years, the months, then the days. . . . Retirement gave me a second chance at vindication, a second opportunity to attain productive and happy manhood. . . .

Bart Lanier Stafford III
El Paso, Tex.

Willy Loman's Triumph

Albert Rosenfeld ["The Willy Loman Complex," August 7] attempts to equate a man who has been given the name Jacob Jensen with Willy Loman, Arthur Miller's central character in the play *Death of a Salesman*. But the men are totally opposite. Jensen was a high-paid executive; Loman was never more than a marginally successful salesman. Jensen feared falling from his prestigious position; Loman was determined that his sons, especially Biff, would gain the success he himself had never known. Near the end of the play, Loman's motive is obvious. He asks, "Can you imagine that magnificence with $20,000 in his [Biff's] pocket?" And, after conceiving of suicide as the way to leave money for Biff: "It's very smart. . . . I always knew one way or another we were gonna make it, Biff and I!"

No, Loman's suicide was not the despairing act of a "has-been"; it was the triumphant solution of a "never-was."

Lynn Garrett
Baton Rouge, La.

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In the area of medical malpractice suits, in one state, ten times as many million-dollar awards have been made since 1970 as in all the years before. (You may want to go over that one again.) The growing volume of such suits is adding more than $3 billion to the nation's annual cost of health care, according to HEW.

During a recent five-year period the average claim settlement in product liability cases has increased by 300%. The resultant astronomical liability protection costs have put some manufacturing companies out of business and threaten still others.

Despite higher premiums, the insurance industry, last year alone, had an underwriting loss of over $4 billion in casualty-property lines.

These are only the direct costs and their effects. The indirect effects hit every one of us, in the form of higher product prices, higher costs for health care, unavailability of needed goods and services, in hundreds of ways, in every sector of our lives.

The next manufactured

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we raised our voice

product you buy may cost many dollars more because the manufacturer's liability protection costs shot up. Further, these are dollars that might have gone for engineering improvements that could have lengthened its life.

Or your doctor bills. In many cases they've gone up because of rising malpractice premiums. And there are indications they'll go even higher as doctors are forced to turn more and more to the practice of "defensive" medicine. That is, taking X rays, ordering diagnostic tests, etc., etc., etc., when there may be little recognized medical need for them.

Who's at fault? We're all at fault. How else could it happen?

But that isn't the point. The point is, none of us can go on pretending it isn't happening.

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Are We Programmed to Die?

By tinkering with the body's "clock of aging," scientists hope to forestall the inevitable

by Albert Rosenfeld

> It should be the function of medicine to have people die young as late as possible.
>
> —ERNST L. WYNDER, president
> American Health Foundation

Words like "inevitable" and "inexorable" come to mind when we think of the human aging process. We know, and have always known, that those of us who do not die early through disease or accident must face the prospect of a steady physiological decline that culminates in senility and death. True enough, the medical profession has made it possible for more and more of us to reach—and pass—the biblically allotted threescore years and ten. But that only serves to remind us more visibly, and more acutely, of the melancholy outcome. Not that everyone fears death. In fact, we are rated as wise to the extent that we accept our fate "philosophically." We have been told, moreover—and we feel the truth of it viscerally—that for the good of the species fresh generations of individuals must necessarily arrive and that, further, to make room for them others must die.

Just the same, no one looks forward to the deterioration that precedes death—the diversity of aches and ills, the dimming of faculties and functions. Even though most of us may not wish for immortality, we *do* wish to maintain our health and vigor to the end—or close to it, at any rate; nor would we mind if our allotted span could be a bit more open-ended. Such wishes have been considered folly in the past. But hope now springs from research in gerontology, that branch of biological science that deals with the aging process. Most gerontologists of the old school, as they survey the complexities of human senescence, are still cautious about predicting any breakout from our mortal predicament for a very long time to come. But a considerably more optimistic outlook is being generated by a rapidly growing avant-garde school of gerontology, represented in laboratories all over the world. "There is no absolute principle in nature," declares Bernard L. Strehler, of the University of Southern California, "which dictates that individual living things cannot live for indefinitely long periods of time in optimum health."

Scientists like Strehler do not underrate the difficulties and complexities involved. They differ among themselves in the details of their individual beliefs and theories. But they are coming together in a set of common convictions:

(1) that there does exist within ourselves an identifiable "clock of aging," a genetically determined program that dictates that we will age and die, and the rate at which this will occur;

(2) that we have an excellent chance of discovering the location (there may be more than one) of the clock of aging, as well as the nature of its operating mechanisms—and how to interfere with them to our own advantage;

(3) that, moreover, all this can begin to happen, not centuries from now, but *now*, if only the research can be carried out;

(4) that senescence may thus be started on its way to obsolescence.

When the first anti-aging drugs are tested, they will almost surely be tried initially *in vitro*—that is, on cells kept alive, through many generations, in artificial laboratory cultures—to see if they can reverse the signs of aging in these cells. A few substances, in fact, already seem to be capable of increasing the life span of cultured cells.

But do cells in culture truly age? And, if so, is the process the same as *in vivo*—in the living organism? Does the study of cells in culture have anything at all to tell us about the physiological deterioration and death of human beings? Some scientists think not. Among the more outspoken is W. Donner Denckla, formerly of the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology, who believes that the clock of aging—hormonal in nature—is located in the brain.

Denckla, originally an endocrinologist, and a relative newcomer to gerontology, says, "I don't care what happens to cells in tissue culture. What *is* important is what people die of." His own theory—to be elaborated on—is a brilliant and promising one, based on experimental data as well as on logic. In essence, he believes that what causes aging is the release, at scheduled times, of certain "death hormones." Inasmuch as cells in tissue culture are beyond the reach of any hormonal influences (unless hormones are deliberately added to the culture), whatever "aging" seems to occur *in vitro* is, Denckla feels, an artifact, not related in any meaningful way to the real thing.

Continued on page 1

Albert Rosenfeld is SR*'s science editor. This article is condensed and adapted from a section of his new book,* Prolongevity, *to be published later this month by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*

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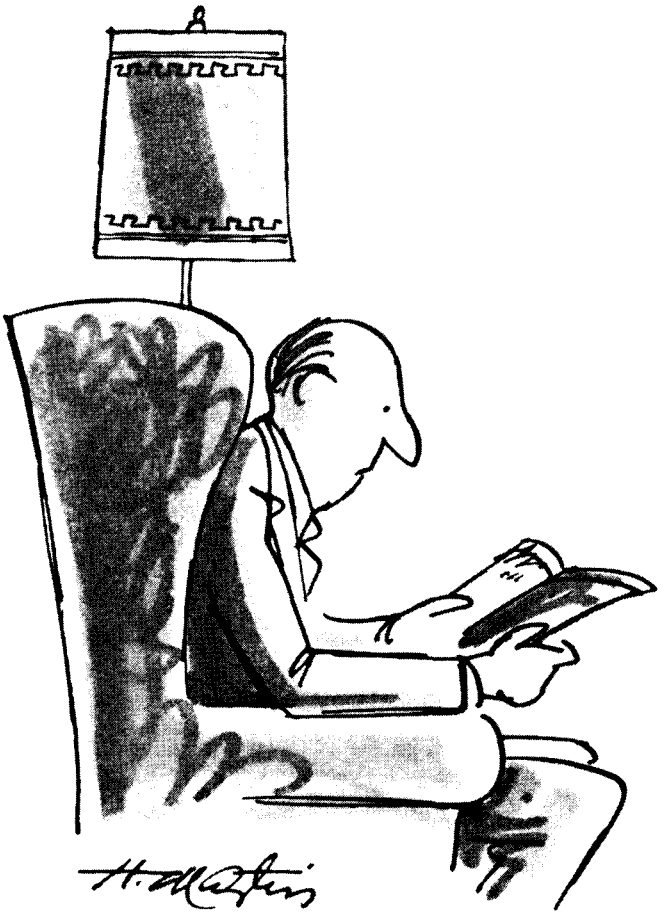
Programmed to Die? from page 10

Leonard Hayflick, formerly of Stanford University, on the other hand, contends that the clock of aging lies within the nucleus of the individual cell. (In either case—individual cell or brain—the program would still be genetically dictated.) He has founded the whole new discipline of "cytogerontology" (cellular aging) and has written papers bearing such titles as "Aging Under Glass." Taking a stance directly opposite to Denckla's, Hayflick declares that "the cell is where the gerontological action lies. I believe therefore that purely descriptive studies done at the tissue, organ, and whole-animal level, as they pertain to the biology of aging, are less likely to yield important information on mechanism than studies done at the cell and molecular level."

Who is right? Is the clock of aging—if one exists—a single entity, located in the brain, that governs the aging and death of *all* cells? Or does each cell carry its own genetic clock? Which theory—if either—is compatible with what is observed both *in vitro* and *in vivo*?

When Hayflick first turned his attention to cells *in vitro*, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, the prevailing belief was that cells in tissue culture could live on indefinitely. This belief, which ruled with the strength of dogma, had been mainly propagated by the experiments of the late Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. Though Carrel's many achievements earned him a Nobel prize, one of his major claims to fame was based on a mistaken surmise: that he had maintained continuously, over a period of more than thirty-four years, a culture of chicken-heart fibroblasts—the embryonic cells that later give rise to connective tissue. As the cells multiplied in their special medium in culture after culture, they were religiously tended over the remaining thirty-three years of Carrel's life and not permitted to die out for nearly another two years.



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Hayflick, then working at the Wistar Institute, in Philadelphia, did not set out to challenge Carrel at all. He and a colleague, Paul Moorhead, were trying to study the effects of cancer-causing viruses on normal cells. The major surprise that grew out of these studies was that the cell populations, after growing and dividing perfectly for many months, then "slowed down, stopped dividing, and ultimately died."

As Hayflick repeatedly emphasizes, he was not the first to learn that normal cells in culture—unlike cancer cells, which are virtually immortal—have a finite life span. Other researchers had made the same observation on numerous occasions, but nobody believed them. In fact, they often disbelieved their own results. Any contradiction of the Carrelian dogma was assumed to be caused by the investigator's sloppiness; that is, the cultures must have been contaminated. Now we know that it was Carrel's cultures that were contaminated. (It turned out that fresh cells had been inadvertently added to the cultures along with the nutrient materials.)

Hayflick's embryonic fibroblasts consistently underwent about fifty divisions (varying between forty and sixty "population doublings") before they reached what Hayflick calls Phase III—the point at which division ceases. A point to remember: though the sequence of fifty doublings happens over a period of months *in vitro*, it could be an accelerated model of what requires *all the years of a person's life, in vivo*. Once he was convinced that "the finite life span of cultured normal human and animal cells was a manifestation of biological aging at the cellular level," Hayflick decided to pursue cytogerontology as his central research interest. Over the years, Hayflick has performed many variations of his first experiments, and so have other investigators in hundreds of laboratories around the world.

Before he submitted any of his data for publication Hayflick wanted to reassure himself triply that his Phase II phenomenon did not come about because of some unsuspected fault in his culture medium or through mere statistical wear and tear. He proved his point by devising an ingenious, clear-cut experiment. He knew that it is easy, in cell clones, to distinguish male cells from female. Only female cells contain the so-called Barr bodies, which are clearly visible in the sex chromatin under a microscope. So Hayflick grew a pure male strain, let the cells divide until they had lived out most of their expected life spans, then added a pure young female strain to the culture. After waiting till the time when the male cells could be assumed to have arrived at Phase III—the stage at which they should have stopped reproducing—Hayflick carefully checked the culture an

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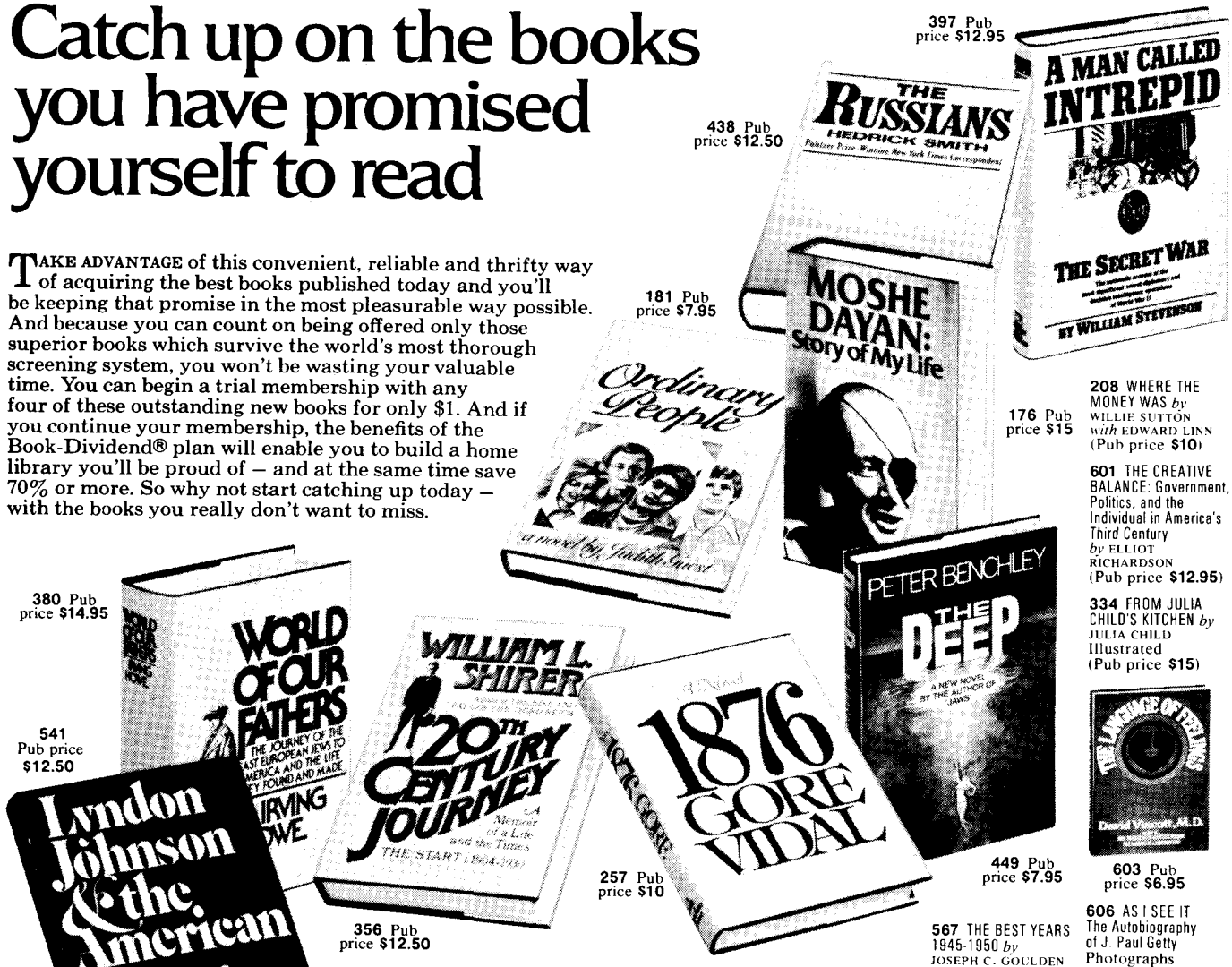

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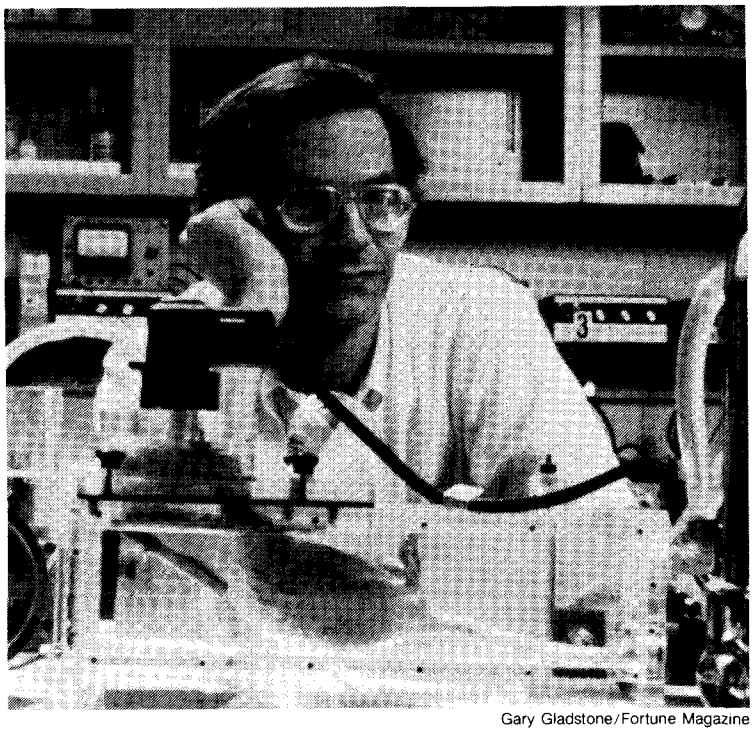
found the viable cells were now *100 percent female* and still dividing vigorously on schedule. That clinched it. If there had been a contaminant present, it would not have discriminated against the male cells only and left the female cells intact. It would have killed male and female alike, and the survivors, if any, should have included both sexes.

As further evidence of a cellular-aging program, Hayflick put cells in deep-frozen hibernation for long periods of time without affecting the "Hayflick limit." In a brilliant series of experiments, a number of cultures were placed in storage at liquid-nitrogen temperatures at varying "ages" (i.e., after a measured number of divisions), then thawed out, a few at a time, over a period of a dozen years. In each case the cells "remembered" where their lives had been interrupted—say, at twenty divisions—and proceeded to double another thirty or so times before reaching Phase III.

Hayflick has cited other evidence also, based on work done in his own lab and in many others—especially by a diligent team of investigators headed by George M. Martin at the University of Washington School of Medicine, in Seattle. When cell samples are taken from adults of varying ages, in general, the older they are, the fewer times the cells divide before they attain Phase III. The cells of a twenty-year-old tend to have more "life" left in them, by this standard, than those of a fifty-year-old. The cells of even very elderly individuals still have a few doublings left, which—if the life of a cell *in vitro* up to Phase III can be considered a valid paradigm—suggests that people *rarely live out their potential life spans.*

EXPERIMENTS with amoebas at the State University of New York in Buffalo suggested that aging was governed more by wear-and-tear changes in the cytoplasm (the cell's main body) than by genetic instructions issued from the nucleus. This finding further suggested that the aging process was not genetically programmed after all! So Hayflick and his colleagues worked out an elaborate series of experiments to get at the truth. They arduously devised methods for removing nuclei from masses of cells simultaneously, as well as techniques for inserting nuclei of young cells into old cell bodies and vice versa. The results, in oversimplified form, were these: if the nucleus of a young cell with, say, forty divisions left was put into the body of a cell that was fast approaching Phase III, that old cell went on to divide another forty times. But if the nucleus of an old cell with, say, ten divisions left was placed in the body of a young cell, it would take that young cell only another ten divisions before Phase III set in. This, to Hayflick, was convincing proof that it *is* the genetic material—the DNA in the chromosomes—in the nucleus of each cell that acts as that cell's aging clock—a conviction shared by many other gerontologists but also disputed by many.



Gary Gladstone/Fortune Magazine

Gerontologist W. Donner Denckla: "The clock of aging—hormonal in nature—is in the brain."

Denckla, as already mentioned, is among those who believe that the clock of aging is hormonal in nature and resides in the brain. In his lab at the Roche Institute he designed and built an intricate gadget with which he attempted to extract (from rats) and purify a pituitary product he calls DECO (for "decreasing oxygen consumption"). He deliberately refrains from referring to it as the death hormone, though others have not hesitated to do so.

Denckla regards the thyroid as the critical gland in aging —apart from the pituitary itself, which governs all the other endocrine glands. After much study of autopsy data and death records, Denckla finds that people—in fact, *all* mammals—die through the failure of one of two major body systems: the cardiovascular or the immune system. (This assumes that cancer is an immunological disease, as more and more researchers deem it to be. If this assumption proves wrong, cancer will have to be added as a third major cause of death.) Denckla points out that people do not really die of heart failure or kidney failure or liver malfunction or stroke; these are, he says, merely the end results of the failure either of the immune cells to do their job or of the blood vessels to deliver oxygen and nutrients where they are needed. There is only one gland that has a profound effect on both systems—the thyroid.

Approaching the problem from another vantage point, Denckla carefully studied data on many species of animals and found a fairly consistent correlation among five biological time periods: the heart rate, the metabolic rate, the time of gestation (specially defined), the time to puberty, and the time from puberty to death. In all these timed events, Denckla believes, the thyroid gland is of central importance because its product, thyroxine, is the *master rate-controlling hormone for all cells and tissues.* It governs the basal-metabolic rate, the speed at which cells burn their fuel and consume their oxygen.

Moreover, says Denckla, the disease that most closely mimics premature aging in adults is hypothyroidism. It can be fatal if untreated, and the victim is more susceptible to infection, which suggests a diminished immune capability. We almost never see advanced cases of hypothyroidism these days because thyroxine is prescribed as soon as a deficiency is discovered. But in the 1890s, when thyroxine was first administered, the reversals were dramatic: wrinkles disappeared, gray hair turned black or brown or blond again, resistance to disease returned to normal levels. Encouraged

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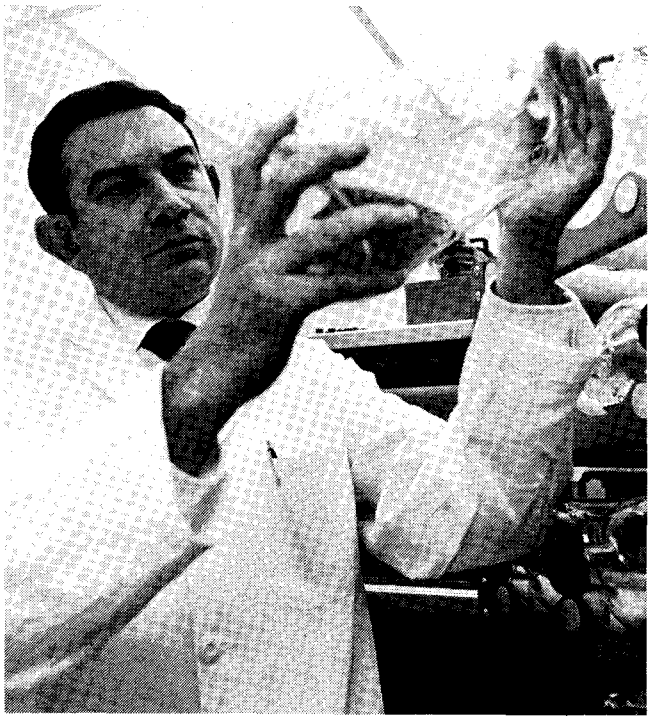
by these results, doctors used thyroxine to reverse the symptoms of aging in the really old. But the treatment quickly went out of style because not only didn't it work but high doses even killed some of the patients. Denckla's own work sheds light on the reasons for this outcome.

Though Denckla is an analytical theorist, he bases his theories on experiments with more than 2,500 rats of varying ages, some normal, some without ovaries, some without pancreases, some without adrenals, and so on. He has measured the metabolic rates of anesthetized animals under the most rigorously controlled conditions, making carefully computed adjustments for body weight, fat content, and other factors. He was able to ascertain that only the pituitary or thyroid makes a difference in the metabolic rate (the thyroid is controlled by the pituitary) and that the pituitary slows down the metabolic rate with age, not by failing to stimulate the thyroid to make its hormones but, rather, by releasing a blocking hormone (DECO, the "death hormone"?) that prevents the cells from properly using the thyroxine that still freely circulates in the animal's bloodstream.

DENCKLA has since ascertained that aging men and women—if they are normal, not hypothyroid—are not short of thyroxine either. Plenty of it circulates in the bloodstream, but the cells somehow cannot take it in and use it. Denckla believes that, in people as in rats, the pituitary gland begins at puberty to release the first of a series of those death hormones (or antithyroid hormones), which act at the cell membrane to keep thyroxine out.

In more recent experiments, the results barely gone to press, Denckla has been able to restore to old rats youthful competence in certain of their immunological and cardiovascular functions. He has done this by (1) removing the pituitary (the presumed source of DECO) and (2) administering thyroxine! (In contrast, giving thyroxine to animals with intact pituitaries had no rejuvenating effect at all.) Certain enzymatic functions were restored as well, demonstrating that thyroxine can also act at the genetic level. All this suggests that even if there is a genetic clock of aging within the cell, thyroxine (or its absence) may somehow trigger the turning on and off of genes. A diminished supply of thyroxine within the cell would cause a number of critical imbalances. These imbalances could bring on—or at least allow the onset of—the destructive changes we associate with the aging process.



Wide World

Researcher Leonard Hayflick: "The clock of aging lies within the nucleus of the individual cell."

"Can we hope to slow the clock of aging and extend the human life span? To many gerontologists the question is not if, but when."

Many gerontologists are skeptical that a hormone could control such a diversity of aging changes in types of cells so varied in structure and function that an innocent observer looking at them under a microscope would mistake them for entirely different species of micro-organisms. Yet they all contain the same DNA, the same genetic instructions. The DNA in the original fertilized egg does, in fact, program all the body's cells to perform their astonishing multiplicity of tasks. Thus groups of differently programmed cells, which have already lived out radically different lives, may also "know how" to age and die differently. In a well-trained army—with units of infantry, artillery, cavalry, tank corps, and air support all ready to go—the commanding general does not have to issue specific detailed instructions an hour before the battle. All he needs to do is give the prearranged signal, and the preprogrammed units all speed to their diverse and unique tasks—though coordinated by the original battle plan. A death or aging hormone could, in a similar manner, command legions of cells to perform separate actions. It would not have to *cause* the specific detailed changes; it would simply *trigger* the sequences of events already preprogrammed in the given cell.

IN DENCKLA'S tidy scheme, however, at least one important question remains unanswered: how is one to account for the fact that in Hayflick's cultured cells—which are certainly beyond the reach of any brain-based hormonal clock of aging—the genetic program seems to run out after fifty-or-so divisions? If Hayflick is right, how can Denckla be? The two views seem irreconcilable.

Denckla, however, may have inadvertently supplied an answer of sorts. He believes that for good evolutionary reasons—to ensure the turnover of generations so that mutations can take place that enable a species to adapt to a changing environment—nature cannot trust to chance (wear and tear). There must, therefore, exist "an absolutely fail-safe killing mechanism without which the species would not survive." Now, a fail-safe system in rocketry or weaponry means redundancy—backup systems that will take over in case the primary system fails to function. So it may be with our own program for aging and death. Suppose that Denckla is right, that the release of specific death hormones is the

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primary self-destruct mechanism. The cellular-aging program could be a *backup* system, designed to set a second limit, in case the death hormones somehow fail to be released or to be effective. (Finally, if all else fails, wear and tear alone would do the job—but would take much longer.)

The idea that the cellular-aging program might be a redundant fail-safe backup system for a hormonal-aging program is further bolstered, in my view, by still another set of Denckla's own experimental and theoretical considerations: in Denckla's experiments with those thousands of rats, it was important that he develop the most meticulous set of metabolic measurements possible. Instead of the usual basal-metabolic rate (BMR)—also known as the resting oxygen-consumption rate—Denckla evolved a finer measure, which he called MOC, for minimum oxygen-consumption rate. He was thus able to pin down the specific thyroid-influenced component that accounted for the steep drop in metabolic rate with aging. He was also able to discern, separately, a much lower, much steadier "athyroidal component" of the metabolic rate, which was not affected by the presence or absence of thyroid hormone. This was essentially the same rate as that measured *in vitro*. Denckla calls this component the GMR, the genetic metabolic rate. Unlike the MOC, which is controlled by the endocrine centers of the brain, the GMR is controlled by the individual cell's DNA.

It would appear, then, that the MOC is a reflection of the brain-based clock of aging at work, whereas the GMR could well be the medium through which Hayflick's cellular clock operates in his cultures. In the one case the cells in the brain responsible for hormonal release are turned *on* at the appropriate times; in the other case the genetic information required to keep the cell machinery functioning is gradually turned *off*. In both cases it looks as if a single mechanism may be involved—the switching on and off of genes in individual cells.

Yet another possibility is that the clock of aging in the brain and the clock of aging in the cell (if either exists—or both) are not really separate programs at all but, rather, a single, delicately orchestrated program; and that under the unnatural circumstances of tissue culture, that part of the program residing in the DNA of the individual cells expresses itself in an unprogrammed solo performance—or perhaps a smaller group performance, much as, say, a violin section isolated from the main body of the orchestra could still play out its score, uninterrupted by any on-off signals from the conductor, from the beginning to the end.

Regardless of who turns out to be right—Hayflick or Denckla, or neither—one can still see the coming together of data and ideas in overarching concepts that incorporate many diverse theories of aging unmentioned here: genetic switching, cross-linkage, free radicals, auto-immunity, somatic mutations, error catastrophies. The Soviet gerontologist V. V. Frolkis has pointed out dryly that "the number of hypotheses is generally inversely proportional to the clarity of the problem." Now, with hypotheses fast converging, the problem has obviously taken an encouraging turn in the direction of clarity. When the question now arises as to whether or not we can hope to slow the clock of aging and extend the human life span, to many gerontologists the question is not *if* but *when*. And to the more optimistic, the when may be within the lifetimes of people already here on earth. ◉

Update on the Clock Stoppers

W. Donner Denckla left the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology to accept an appointment at Harvard Medical School, where he will continue his quest for the neuro-endocrinological clock of aging. Leonard Hayflick gave up his position at Stanford, but under circumstances much less fortunate.

While he was being considered for the directorship of the National Institutes of Health's newly created National Institute on Aging, Hayflick himself raised the question of a possible conflict of interest stemming from his association with a small private company. After what was essentially a routine accounting investigation, a report was submitted to NIH that contained some shocking suggestions. It strongly implied that Hayflick was not the rightful owner of some cell lines sold by his company and that, moreover, the quality of some of the cells had been misrepresented. Hayflick, astounded, declared both suggestions to be totally erroneous. Even as he prepared a rebuttal, which he hoped would be incorporated into any official release, the report was given to the press under the Freedom of Information Act. Doing so, argues Hayflick, was a violation of the Privacy Act of 1974.

"I absolutely deny any wrongdoing in performance of my duties under any NIH contract, or in the course of my employment by Stanford University," said Hayflick, "and I urge my scientific colleagues around the world who have long relied upon my integrity and that of my work to regard with great caution the statements in this report." Other gerontologists were quick to come to his defense, among them Zhores Medvedev, the distinguished Soviet exile now working in London. David Harrison, of the Jackson Laboratory, in Bar Harbor, Maine, cited Hayflick's achievements in a letter to *Science* and added: "Surely these accomplishments secure Hayflick's reputation as one of the important scientists of our generation."

The charges nevertheless received widespread publicity, and the resulting mini-Watergate atmosphere forced Hayflick to resign his post at Stanford. He is, naturally, bitter about this turn of events, especially since the media did not give anything like equal time to the point-for-point rebuttal that he later released. He is also suing NIH.

A careful reading of the original report and Hayflick's rebuttal convinces me that he will be both vindicated and reinstated. In any case, the controversy takes nothing away from the work written about here. The pity is that a distinguished career must be interrupted for so long a time, and so much creative energy dissipated in frustration, in a bizarre scenario that seems to have no villain but The System.

The man finally appointed as director of the National Institute on Aging, incidentally, is Robert N. Butler, the psychiatrist-gerontologist who wrote the Pulitzer Prize–winning book *Why Survive? Being Old in America*. Though his special expertise and orientation are in the psychosocial aspects of aging, Dr. Butler is *au courant* with the main currents in biological gerontology. —A.R.

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What's Right with Sight-and-Sound Journalism

Rounding toward retirement, a veteran commentator reflects on the feud between television and the press

by Eric Sevareid

A KIND of adversary relationship between print journalism and electronic journalism exists and has existed for many years. As someone who has toiled in both vineyards, I am troubled by much of the criticism I read. Innumerable newspaper critics seem to insist that broadcast journalism be like *their* journalism and measured by their standards. It cannot be. The two are more complementary than competitive, but they *are* different.

The journalism of sight and sound is the only truly new form of journalism to come along. It is a *mass* medium, a universal medium; as the American public-education system is the world's first effort to teach everyone, so far as that is possible. It has serious built-in limitations as well as advantages, compared with print. Broadcast news operates in linear time, newspapers in lateral space. This means that a newspaper or magazine reader can be his own editor in a vital sense. He can glance over it and decide what to read, what to pass by. The TV viewer is a restless prisoner, obliged to sit through what does not interest him to get to what may interest him. While it is being shown, a bus accident at Fourth and Main has as much impact, seems as important, as an outbreak of a big war. We can do little about this, little about the viewer's unconscious resentments.

Everybody watches television to some degree, including most of those who pretend they don't. Felix Frankfurter was right; he said there is no highbrow in any lowbrow, but there is a fair amount of lowbrow in every highbrow. Television is a combination mostly of lowbrow and middlebrow, but there is more highbrow offered than highbrows will admit or even seek to know about. They will make plans, go to trouble and expense, when they buy a book or reserve a seat in the theater. They will not study the week's offerings of music or drama or serious documentation in the radio- and TV-program pages of their newspaper and then schedule themselves to be present. They want to come home, eat dinner, twist the dial, and find something agreeable ready, accommodating to *their* schedule.

For TV, the demand-supply equation is monstrously distorted. After a few years' experience with it in Louisville, Mark Ethridge said that television is a voracious monster that consumes Shakespeare, talent, and money at a voracious rate. As a station manager once said to a critic, "Hell, there isn't even enough mediocrity to go around."

TV programming consumes eighteen to twenty-four hours a day, 365 days of the year. No other medium of information or entertainment ever tried anything like that. How many good new plays appear in the theaters of this country each year? How many fine new motion pictures? Add it all together and perhaps you could fill twenty evenings out of the 365. As for music, including the finest music, it is there for a twist of the dial on any radio set in any big city of the land. It was radio, in fact, that created the audiences for music, good and bad, as nothing ever had before it.

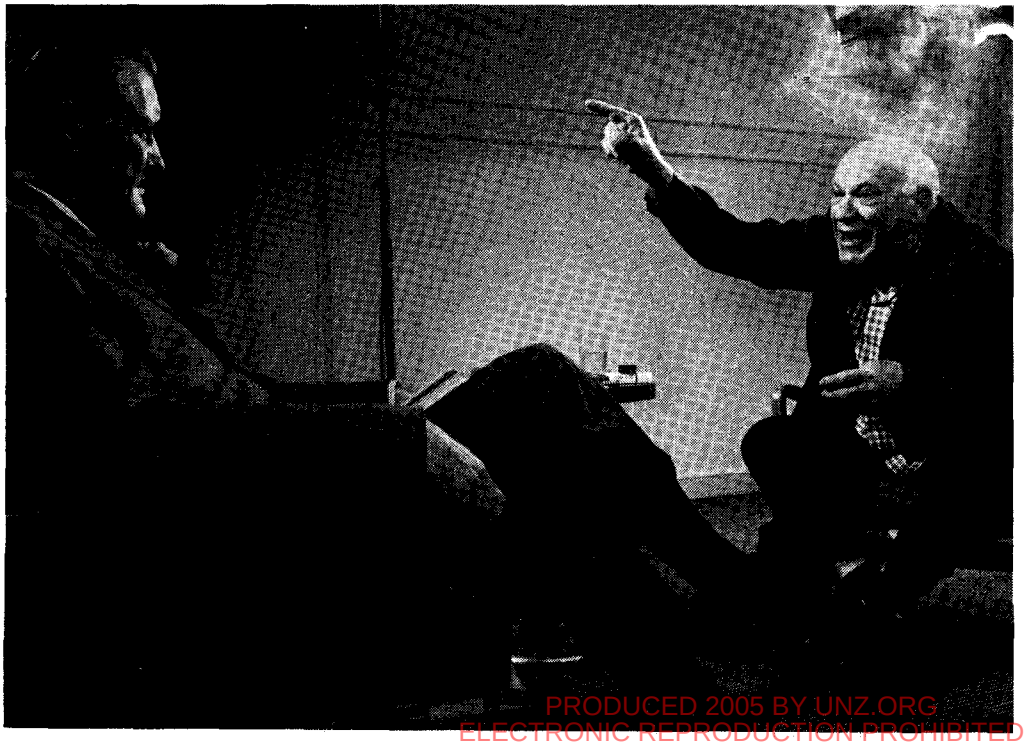
EVERY new development in mass communications has been opposed by intellectuals of a certain stripe. I am sure that Gutenberg was denounced by the elite of his time—his device would spread dangerous ideas among the God-fearing, obedient masses. The typewriter was denounced by intellectuals of the more elfin variety—its clacking would drive away the muses. The first motion pictures were denounced—they would destroy the legitimate theater. Then the sound motion picture was denounced—it would destroy the true art of the film, which was pantomime.

To such critics, of course, television is destroying everything.

It is destroying conversation, they tell us. Nonsense. Non-conversing families were always that way. TV has, in fact, stimulated billions of conversations that otherwise would not have occurred.

It is destroying the habit of reading, they say. This is nonsense. Book sales in this country during the lifetime of general television have greatly increased and well beyond the increase in the population. At the end of a program with Hugo Black, we announced that if viewers wanted one of those little red copies of the Constitu-

TV conversation with Eric Hoffer—"His books sold out in nearly every bookstore in America—the next day."



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tion such as he had held in his hand, they had only to write to us. We received about 150,000 requests—mostly, I suspect, from people who didn't know the Constitution was actually down on paper, who thought it was written in the skies or on a bronze tablet somewhere. After my first TV conversation with Eric Hoffer, his books sold out in nearly every bookstore in America —the next day.

– TV is debasing the use of the English language, they tell us. My friend Alistair Cooke, for one. Nonsense! Until radio and then TV, tens of millions of people living in sharecropper cabins, in small villages on the plains and in the mountains, in the great city slums, had never heard good English diction in their lives. If anything, this medium has improved the general level of diction.

The print-electronic adversary relationship is a one-way street. Print scrutinizes, analyzes, criticizes us every day; we do not return the favor. We have tried now and then, particularly in radio days with "CBS Views the Press," but not enough. On a network basis it's almost impossible because we have no real national newspapers—papers read everywhere—to criticize for the benefit of the national audience. Our greatest failure is in not criticizing ourselves, at least through the mechanism of viewers' rebuttals. Here and there, now and then, we have done it. It should have been a regular part of TV from the beginning. The Achilles heel of TV is that people can't talk back to that little box. If they had been able to, over the years, perhaps the gas of resentment could have escaped from the boiler in a normal way; it took Agnew with his hatchet to explode it, some years ago. The obstacle has not been policy; it has been the practical problem of programming inflexibilities—we don't have the fifteen-minute program anymore, for example. If we could extend the evening news programs to an hour, as we have wished to do for years, we could do many things, including a rebuttal period from viewers. It is not the supposedly huckster-minded monopolistic networks that prevent this; it is the local affiliates. It was tough enough to get the half-hour news; apparently it's impossible to get an hour version.

I have seen innumerable sociological and psychological studies of TV programming and its effects. I have never seen a study of the quality—and the effect—of professional TV criticism in the printed press.

TV critics in the papers tell us, day in and day out, what is wrong with us. Let me return the favor by suggesting that they stop trying to be Renaissance men. They function as critics of everything on the screen—drama, soap operas, science programs, musical shows, sociological documentaries, our political coverage—the works. Let the papers assign their science writers to our science programs, their political writers to our political coverage, their drama critics to the TV dramas.

Sevareid and Martin Agronsky with the late Hugo Black—"TV has stimulated billions of conversations that otherwise would not have occurred."

Let me suggest also that they add a second measurement to their critiques. It is proper that they judge works of fiction —dramas, for example—entirely on the basis of what they see on the little screen because in that area the producers, writers, and performers have total control of the material. If the result is wrong, *they* are wrong. News and documentaries are something else—especially live events, like a political convention. Here we do not have total control of the material or anything like it. On these occasions, it seems to me, the newspaper critic must also be a reporter; he must, if he can, go behind the scenes and find out why we do certain things and do not do other things; there is usually a reason. In the early days such critics as John Crosby and Marya Mannes would do that. A few—Unger on the *Christian Science Monitor*, for example—still do that, but very few.

Let me suggest to their publishers that a little less hypocrisy would become them. Don't publish lofty editorials and critiques berating the culturally low common denominator of TV entertainment programming and then feature on the cover of your weekly TV supplements, most weeks of the year, the latest TV rock star or gang-buster character. Or be honest enough to admit that you do this, that you play to mass tastes for the same reason the networks do—because it is profitable. Don't lecture the networks for the excess of violence—and it *is* excessive—on the screen and then publish huge ads for the most violent motion pictures in town, ads for the most pornographic films and plays, as broadcasting does not.

Now, at this point the reader must be thinking, what's this fellow beefing about? He's had an unusually long ride on the crest of the wave; he's highly paid. He's generally accepted as an honest practitioner of his trade. All true. I have indeed been far more blessed than cursed in my own lifework.

But I am saying what I am saying here —I am finally violating Ed Murrow's old precept that one never, but never, replies to critics—because it has seemed to me that someone must. Because the criticism exchange between print and broadcasting is a one-way street. Because a mythology is being slowly, steadily, set in concrete.

Why this intense preoccupation of the print press with the broadcast press and its

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personae? Three reasons at least: broadcasting, inescapably, is the most personal form of journalism ever, so there is a premium on personalities. The networks are the only true national news organs we have. And, third, competition between them and between local stations is intense, as real as it used to be between newspapers.

So the searchlight of scrutiny penetrates to our innards. Today we can scarcely make a normal organizational move without considering the press reaction. Networks, and even some stations, cannot reassign a reporter or anchorman, suspend anyone, discharge anyone, without a severe monitoring in the newspapers. Papers, magazines, wire services, don't have to live with that and would very much resent it if they did.

"Many of Paley's critics are simply wrong—wrong in their attitude, wrong in their facts."

We live with myths, some going far back but now revived. The myth that William L. Shirer was fired by Ed Murrow and fired because he was politically too liberal. He wasn't fired at all; but even so good a historian as Barbara Tuchman fell for that one. The myth that Ed Murrow was forced out of CBS. At that point in his great career, President Kennedy's offer to Ed to join the government, at cabinet level, was probably the best thing that could have happened to him. The myth that Fred Friendly resigned over an issue of high principle involving some public-service air time. There are other such myths, and a new generation of writers are perpetuating them in their books, which are read and believed by a new generation of students and practitioners of journalism.

We have had the experience of people leaving, freely or under pressure, then playing their case in the papers to a fare-thee-well; they are believed because of that preconceived image of the networks in the minds of the writers. What does a big corporation do? Slug it out with the complainant, point by point, in the papers? Can it speak out at all when the real issue is the personal character and behavior of the complainant, which has been the truth in a few other cases? It can't. So it takes another beating in the press.

There is the myth that the CBS News Division—I am talking about CBS, of course, because it is the place I know and because it is the network most written about these days—has been somehow shoved out to the periphery of the parent corporation, becoming more and more isolated. What has happened is that it has achieved, and been allowed, more and more autonomy because it is fundamentally different from any other corporate branch. Therefore it is more and more independent.

There is the myth that the corporation is gradually de-emphasizing news and public affairs. In the last sixteen years since CBS News became a separate division, its budget has increased 600 percent, its personnel more than 100 percent. It does *not* make money for the company; it is a loss leader, year after year. I would guess it spends more money to cover the news than any other news organization in the world today. This is done because network news servicing has become a public trust and need.

There is the myth that since the pioneering, groundbreaking TV programs of Murrow and Friendly, CBS News has been less daring, done fewer programs of a hard-hitting kind. The Murrow programs are immortal in this business because they were the *first.* Since then we have dealt, forthrightly, with every conceivable controversial issue one can think of—drugs, homosexuality, government corruption, business corruption, TV commercials, gun control, pesticides, tax frauds, military waste, abortion, the secrets of the Vietnam War—everything. What shortage has occurred has been on the side of the materials, not on the side of our willingness to tackle them.

In case I had missed something myself, I have recently inquired of other CBS News veterans if they can recall a single case of a proposed news story or a documentary that was killed by executives of the parent organization. Not one comes to anyone's mind. Some programs have been anathema to the top executive level, but they were not stopped. Some have caused severe heartburn at that level when they went on the air. Never has there been a case of people at that level saying to the News Division, "Don't ever do anything like that again."

For thirteen years I have done commentary—personal opinion inescapably involved—most nights of the week on the evening news. In that time exactly three scripts of mine were killed because of their substance by CBS News executives. Each one by a different executive, and none of them ever did it again. Three—out of more that 2,000 scripts. How many newspaper editorialists or columnists, how many magazine writers, have had their copy so respected by their editors?

There is the perennial myth that sponsors influence, positively or negatively, what we put on the air. They play no role whatever. No public-affairs program has ever been canceled because of sponsor objection. Years ago, they played indirect roles. When I started doing a six P.M. radio program, nearly thirty years ago, Ed Murrow, then a vice-president, felt it necessary to take me to lunch with executives of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, the sponsors. About fourteen years ago, when I was doing the Sunday-night TV news, a representative of the advertising agency handling the commercials would appear in the studio, though he never tried to change anything. Today one never sees a sponsor or an agency man, on the premises or off.

"Let me suggest that TV critics in the papers stop trying to be Renaissance men."

There is the myth, which seems to be one of the flawed premises of so successful a reporter as David Halberstam, that increased corporate profitability has meant a diminished emphasis on news and public affairs. The reverse, of course, is the truth.

There is the new myth, creeping into print as writers rewrite one another, that an ogre sits at the remote top of CBS Incorporated, discouraging idealistic talents down the line, keeping the news people nervous, if not cowardly. His name is William S. Paley, and the thesis seems to be that the tremendous growth of CBS News in size and effectiveness, its unmatched record of innovation and boldness in dealing with public issues, its repeated wars with the most powerful figures of government and business, have all taken place over these forty years or more in spite of this man's reluctance or downright opposition. The reverse is much closer to the truth. *Only* with a man of his stripe could all this have been done. Think what it is to sit up there all those years, whipped by gales of pressures from every public cause group, politicians, Presidents, newspapers, congressional committees, the FCC, affiliates, stockholders, and employees, individually and organized. To sit up there under unrelenting pressures of an inten-

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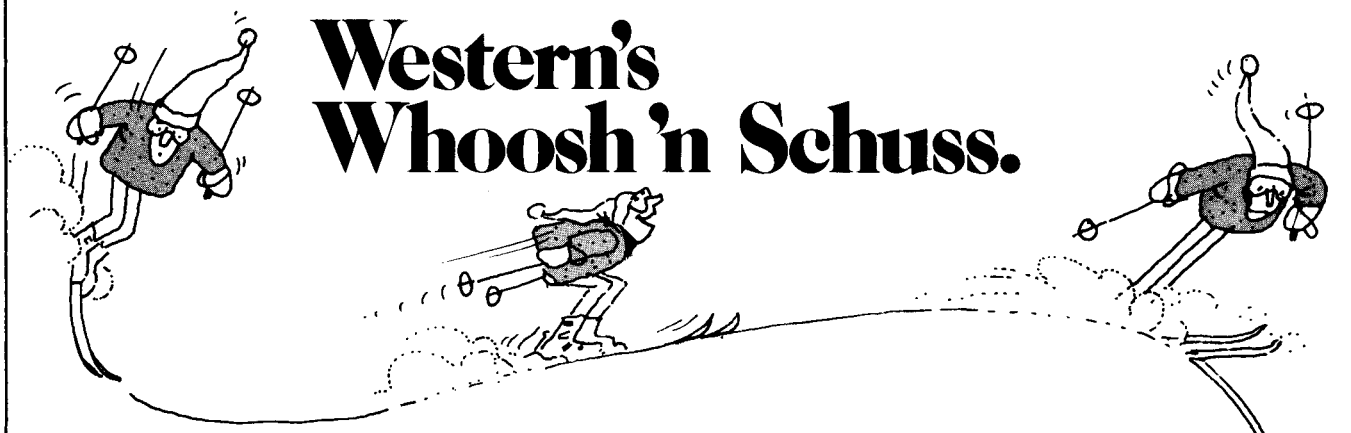

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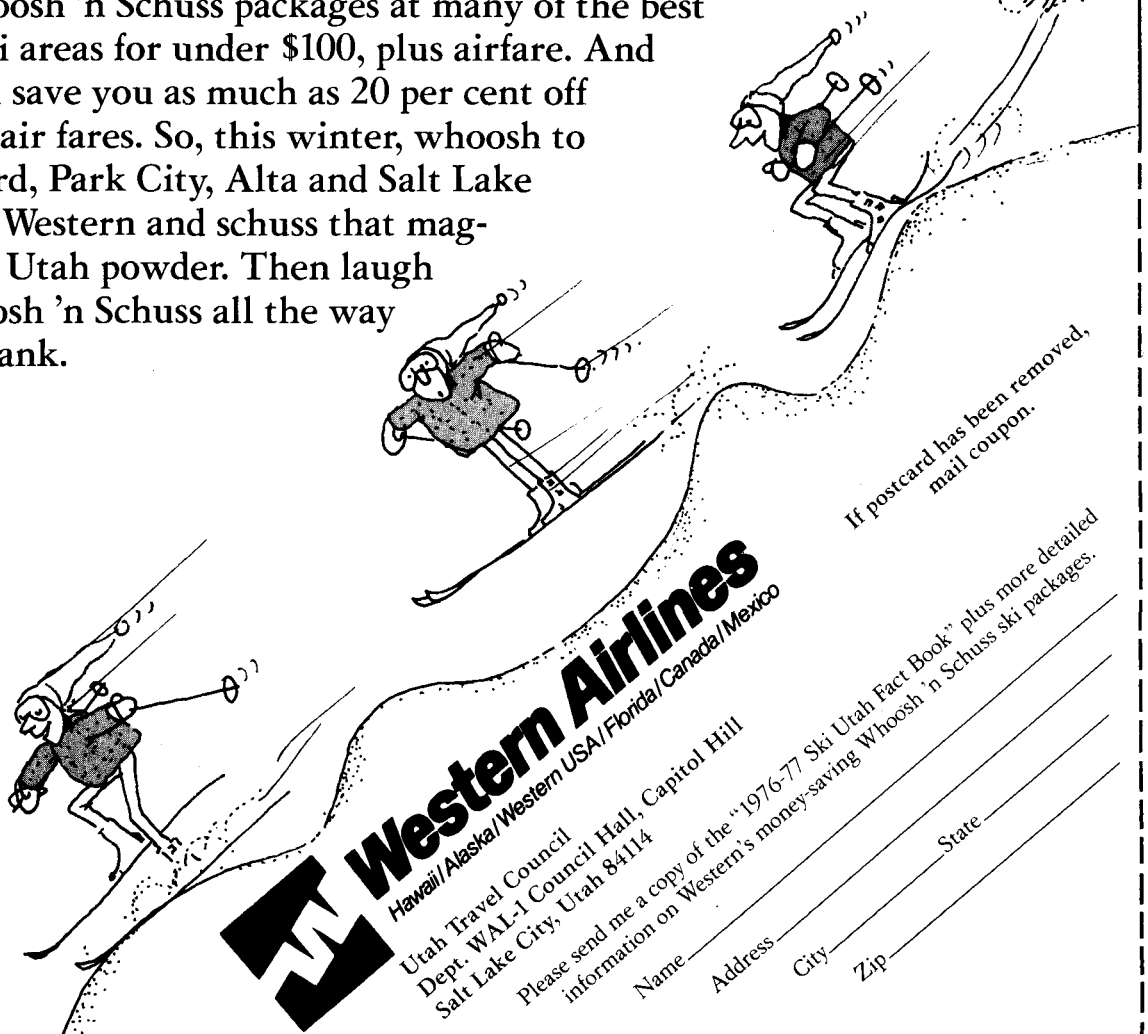

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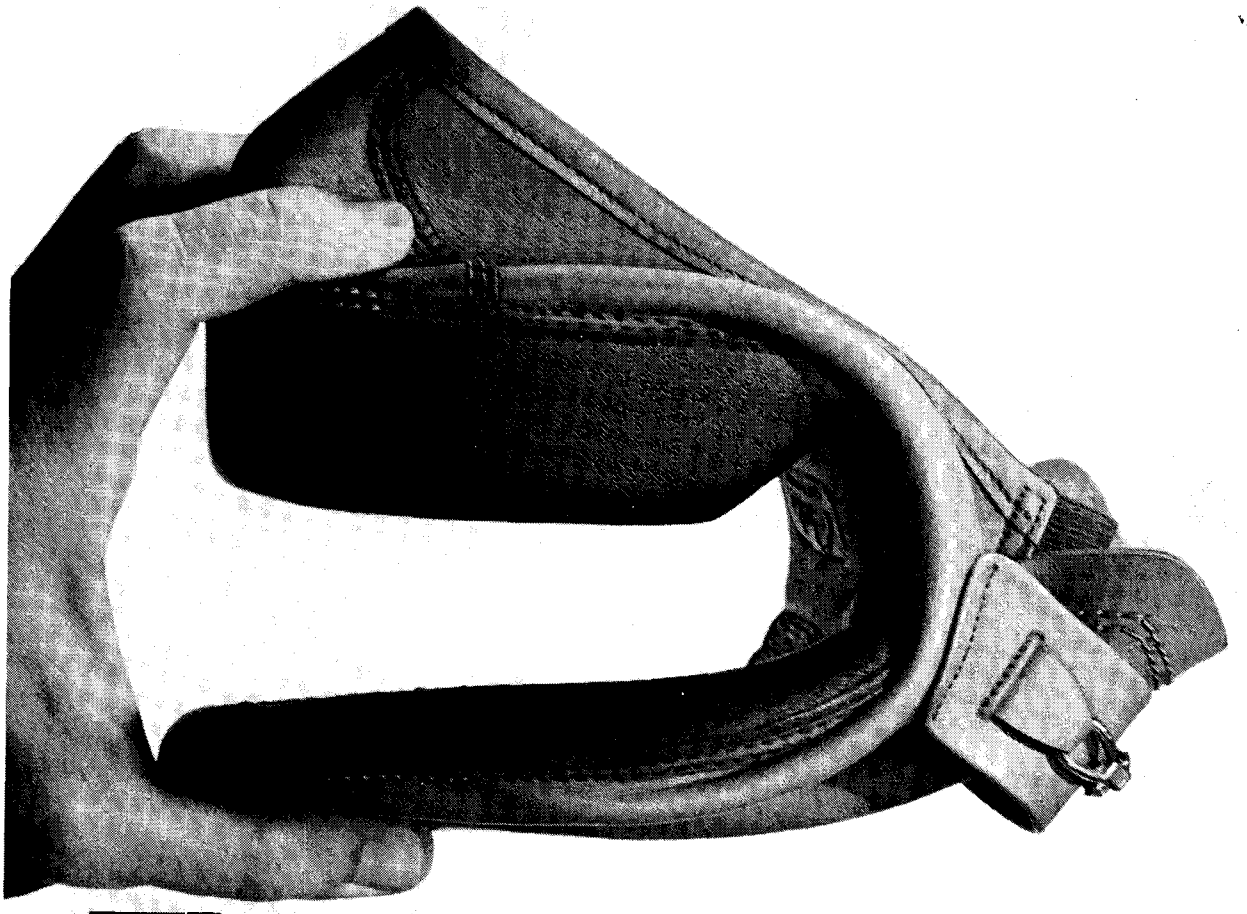

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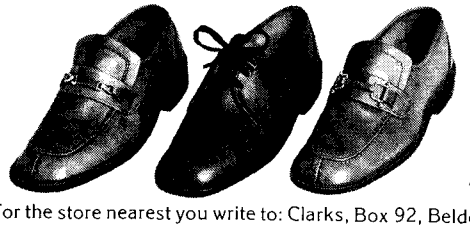

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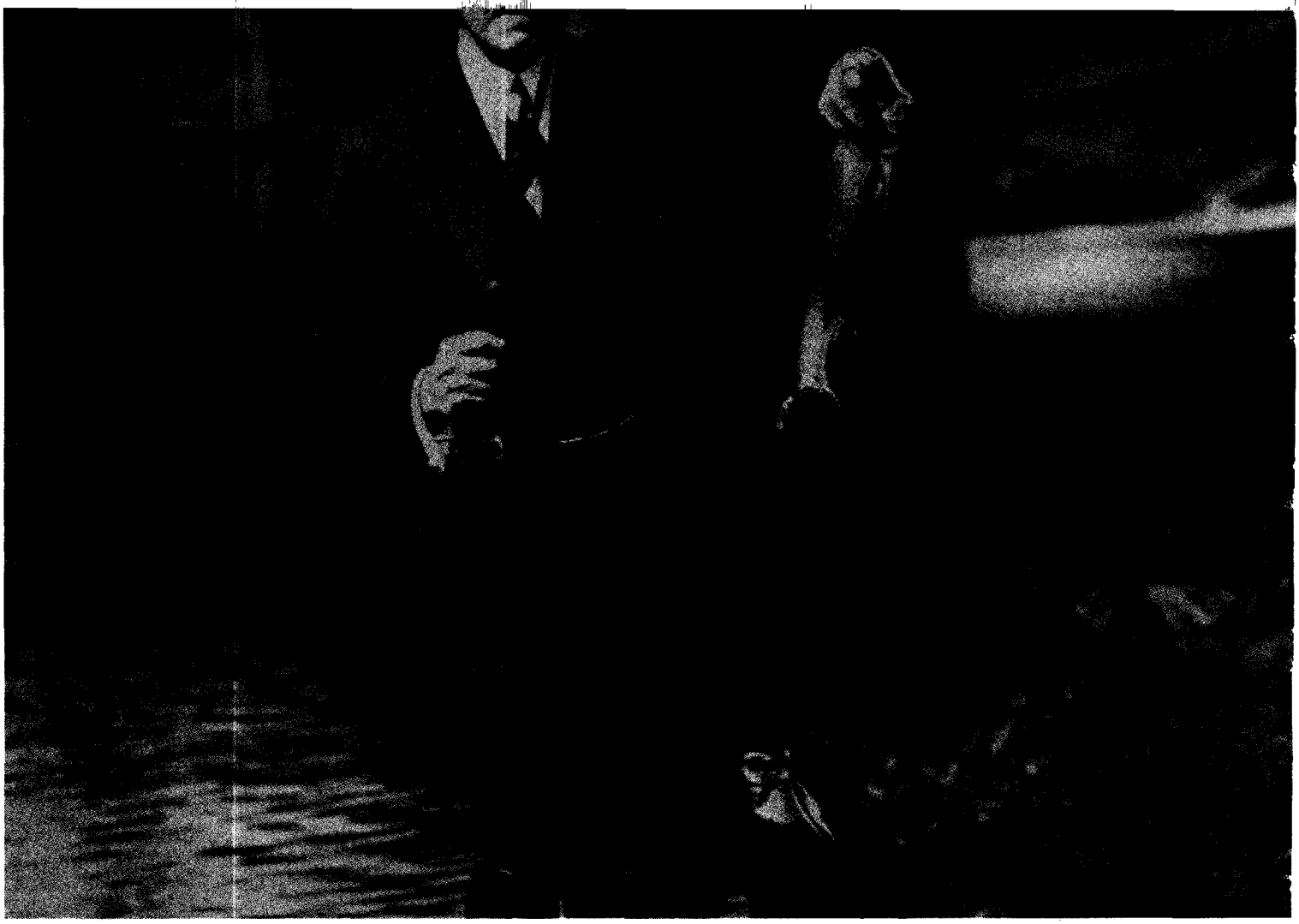

From this man you could buy a used car.

"Oh, for the Good Old Days of 'Silent Cal'"
by Liam O'Ryan, May 9, 1976, issue

There were many who didn't like President Calvin Coolidge, but none could deny that, above all things, he represented tranquility and trust.

In his appreciation of "Silent Cal" for Parade's 42 million readers, Liam O'Ryan calls him "a chunk of New England granite that would not be corrupted."

Coolidge's son, John—now a semi-retired small businessman in New England—confirms the description. But he also remembers his father as human. Tight-fisted, but fair. A man of few words, but a defender of daily naps. A strict but good father.

Ironically, Parade's Coolidge piece harking back a half-century is remarkably timely now, as the 1976 campaign heats up.

Parade makes a habit of being timely. All of which adds a Sunday texture to your daily reading. Somehow, against this background, the staccato happenings of the day take on true proportion.

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sity, a massiveness, rarely endured by any print publisher and still keep the apparatus free and independent and steady on its long course. After all, in this country networking might at its inception have become an appendage and apparatus of government; it might have gone completely Hollywood. It did neither. It grimly held to every freedom the law allows, and it fights for more. This has not been accomplished by weak or frightened men at the top.

I am no appointed spokesman for William Paley. We are not intimates. I owe him nothing; I have earned my keep. I have not got rich. I have had my differences with him, once or twice acutely. I have been a thorn in his side a number of times. But we had our differences out, and never once was his treatment of me less than candid and honorable. He is now in the evening of his career; I am now pretty much the graybeard of CBS News. I must soon go gently into that good night of retirement. But I shan't go so gently that I shall not say what I think of the mythologists who now surround us, what I think of these ignorant assaults on Paley. It would be cowardly of me not to say that many of these critics are simply wrong—wrong in their attitude, wrong in their premises, repeatedly wrong in their facts.

WE ARE not the worst people in the land, we who work as journalists. Our product in print or on the air is a lot better, more educated, and more responsible than it was when I began, some forty-five years ago, as a cub reporter. This has been the best generation of all in which to have lived as a journalist in this country. We are no longer starvelings, and we sit above the salt. We have affected our times.

It has been a particular stroke of fortune to have been a journalist in Washington these years. There has not been a center of world news to compare with this capital city since ancient Rome. We have done the job better, I think, than our predecessors, and our successors will do it better than we. I see remarkable young talents all around.

That's the way it should be. I will watch them come on, maybe with a little envy, but with few regrets for the past. For myself, I wouldn't have spent my working life much differently had I been able to. ◉

The above was adapted from remarks delivered before the Washington Journalism Center.

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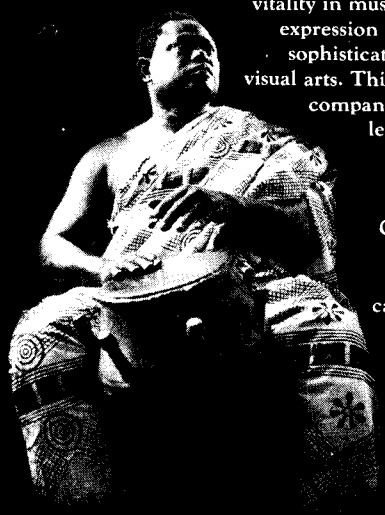

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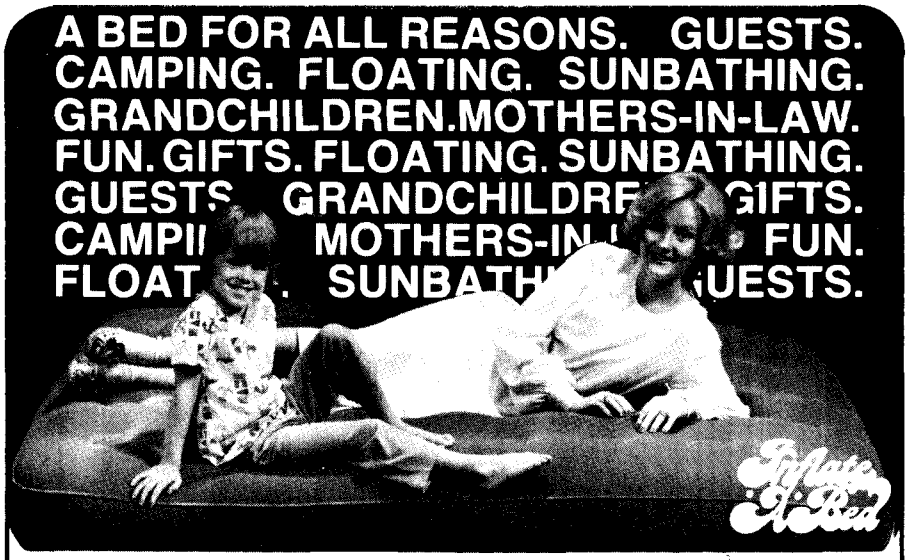

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That Rose-Colored Rearview Mirror

Nostalgia is big business, fashion is losing its hold, and windmills are going up again

by Roy McMullen

THE time, let us suppose, is the late Twenties, the place is the local Rex movie palace, and the man at the Wurlitzer is playing "Charmaine." The music swells and burbles through the darkness, and then the colored lights go on, rainbowing the ocher-and-gold frieze that zigzags across one wall of the theater. Tutti-frutti with hints of King Tut's tomb.

Now, a testing question. Do you enjoy, without too much irony, this sort of retro-reverie? If you do, you are already partly familiar, from the inside, with a larger question, one that will be the subject of this article—an important question oddly neglected by fashionable sociologists and our new psycho-historians. How, in appropriately general terms, should we explain our continuing epidemic, in both America and Europe, of period nostalgia and stylistic revivalism?

Although the first symptoms can be dated back to the vogue for Art Nouveau in the Fifties (or even to Dior's romantic New Look), the phenomenon began to be noticeable about ten years ago, and since then it has become more and more pervasive and puzzling. Why, to do some random sampling, have we recently developed a weakness for such relics of the past as two-tone shoes, bee-stung mouths, and Art Deco pickle pots? For musical golden oldies and early bicycle posters? For sideburns, silent films, and the insides of Radio City Music Hall?

Easy answers can be ruled out immediately. It won't do to dismiss the whole trend as simply the usual inclination to stroll down memory lane, for in several sectors—interior decoration, for example—the alleged stroll is beginning to look like an exodus. Nor can we refer usefully to the influence of elderly conservatives and sentimentalists, for the attempt quickly becomes a reminder of one of the most striking aspects of the puzzle: why, culturally (not just sartorially) speaking, are there so many young fogies around?

Obviously, we need something big and loose in the way of a hypothesis; and it can be found, I am beginning to suspect, in a theory advanced by Claude Lévi-Strauss in *The Savage Mind* and in several of his other writings on anthropology. Human societies, he remarks, can be conveniently described as "hot" or "cold" in regard to their attitudes toward history. Hot societies accept, perhaps welcome, change, "resolutely internalizing the historical process and making it the moving power of their development." Cold societies, which we often refer to as primitive, resist change; they strive constantly "to annul the possible effects of historical factors on their equilibrium and continuity." Naturally, even the coldest of the cold cannot free itself completely from the flux of

"I trust this little sojourn into the world of nostalgia will have run its course by tomorrow morning, Jenkins!"

Roy McMullen is an American art critic based in Paris. His most recent book is Mona Lisa: The Picture and the Myth.

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time. It can, however, try to convert the past and the present into forms without content; it can say to itself, "There is indeed a before and an after, but their sole significance lies in reflecting each other."

The link with our present cultural situation isn't hard to make. (I should point out, however, that Lévi-Strauss is not responsible for my use of his idea.) Our society appears to be cooling off. Not much, of course; we are still hot in comparison with classical antiquity in Europe, for instance, and sizzling in comparison with a tribal society in Melanesia. But the drop in our temperature is perceptible, and it is occurring in a remarkable number of key activities, ranging from the minor arts to some major sciences.

CHOOSING the clothes we wear is one of the most significant, the most clearly thermometric, of these activities, for reasons that are evident. Fashion, as Jean Cocteau observed, can be defined as what becomes unfashionable; it is style subject to time. Hence, hot societies have fashions, whereas cold or merely lukewarm societies have dress styles that vary almost exclusively according to locality, occupation, and status; the Greeks wore essentially the same sorts of garments from Homeric times on through the Hellenistic period. Well, are we still hot in this respect? Not very. Fashion, to be sure, still exists, but it is by no means what it was as recently as ten years ago. Women are paying less and less attention to the seasonal imperatives from Paris. Everyone is dressing less and less in terms of the historical process (although sometimes traveling backward in it) and more and more in terms of age, job, group, or personal whim. In the coolest circles, to look up-to-date is to be out-of-date.

Music is another good indicator. Hot societies have an evolving music, whereas cold ones tend to stick to the same forms and instruments for centuries. Here I must admit that we are still pretty hot, in both the pop and the "serious" sectors. Even so, it is possible to detect a creeping chill. There is the already cited success of resurrected ballads. Almost any popular record, and not just the country kind, is apt to be tinged with pastness. During the last couple of years jazz musicians have been reviving the New Orleans revival. Among modernist composers one of the most noticeable recent tendencies—paradoxically, the most avant-garde—has been to double back in the historical process and produce elaborate collages, not just citations or variations, of earlier works. In 1968 Luciano Berio set the pace with his brilliant *Sinfonia*, which incorporates, among other things, a big chunk of Mahler's Second Symphony; and since then this so-called second-degree music has been proliferating steadily. Could one ask for a better example of a cold society's impulse to turn before and after into reflections of each other?

A third key activity, of course, is literature. In a cold society this has a specific temperature-regulating function; primitive tribesmen tell themselves stories, which are often a kind of mythical history, in order, to quote Lévi-Strauss again, "to make the states of their development which they consider 'prior' as permanent as possible." Are we behaving otherwise? A good half, I should say, of American best sellers of the past decade have been backward-looking, and the end is not in sight. Norman Mailer, who is an excellent literary climatologist, is now at work on a half-million-word cyclical novel that will be, he has revealed, "something that has a lot to do with the structure of, oh, I don't know, the way time works."

Much of the successful new fiction has a special quality, a peculiar ambiguity, that is worth noting. Here, for example, is how E. L. Doctorow, in the opening pages of *Ragtime*, evokes the New Rochelle, N.Y., of 1902:

> Women were stouter then. They visited the fleet carrying white parasols. Everyone wore white in summer. Tennis racquets were hefty and the racquet faces elliptical. There was a lot of sexual fainting. There were no Negroes. There were no immigrants.

ADMITTEDLY, some of what I am talking about can be regarded as merely a continuation, with suitable variations, of the waves of nostalgia and revivalism that were part of the response of the early Romantics to the first phases of the Industrial Revolution. But there are some important differences between now and then. Nineteenth-century Romantics were escapists and what might be called remotists, dreaming of an impossible return to the Middle Ages. We are ostensible realists and what might be called temporal nearists; we are willing, more often than not, to settle for an apparently possible return to about the point where our parents or grandparents encountered the modern acceleration of history. We aren't asking for troubadours. Just give us a little more Cole Porter or perhaps some very, very early Schoenberg.

Moreover, unlike the early Romantics, we may not be overt at all in our cooling; indeed, we may conceal even from ourselves what is happening to us. If, for example, in terms of painting we are weary of what Lévi-Strauss calls "internalizing the historical process," we may not actually condemn the forward march of modern artists. Instead we may announce, with sly magnanimity, that art historians have been unfair to the academic painters of a century or so ago. After all, we say, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" isn't really a bad picture. After all, Dali may not be completely wrong in his professed admiration for the supposedly unspeakable Bouguereau. And wasn't that Beaux Arts show at the Museum of Modern Art quite a revelation?

Such indirect, sometimes unconscious manifestations of a budding new Western *Zeitgeist* (which is partly a replica of an old Eastern one) are becoming almost as common as—and perhaps more significant than—such direct manifestations as the collecting of Art Deco and the reading of novels like *Ragtime*. Look hard at a series of our more modish intellectual attitudes and you will discover a single underlying sensibility. Provoke sufficiently the average antipollutionist and you are apt to find yourself facing a furious disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau who is also an ardent Bogart fan. Argue with a believer in a zero growth rate and you are apt to find that what he wants is not just to conserve resources but to halt history. Much of today's far-out politics becomes more intelligible when you notice that, increasingly, left means cool—and that hence a new "progressive" is likely to be against "progress" in the ordinary bourgeois sense of the word. (This does not apply, of course, to orthodox Marxists, who continue to favor a hot society that will culminate in a perfectly just, perfectly cold one.)

Other, already familiar indications can be mentioned—the decline of the work ethic, the feeling that the moon landings were absurd, the popularity of such largely ahistorical studies as structural linguistics and anthropology, the interest in windmills. A cool, past-preserving urbanism is replacing the hot planning of the futurists of a generation ago. Scientists, for the first time ever, have been thinking seriously about braking their advance. Granted, all this does not add up to much when set against the still-torrid forward drive of our technology. But it all fits in with a return to "Charmaine" or to side-whiskers, and beginnings are always small. ◉

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Mary Hemingway's Years with Ernest

How It Was
by Mary Welsh Hemingway
Knopf, 576 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Carlos Baker

OF THE four wives of Hemingway, three of whom survived him, the woman who lived with him longest and last was the former Mary Welsh, who came from Bemidji, Minn., established herself as an intrepid journalist in Chicago and London, met her future husband shortly before the Allied invasion of Normandy, followed him to and through the liberation of Paris, and joined him when the war was over at his *finca* outside Havana, Cuba.

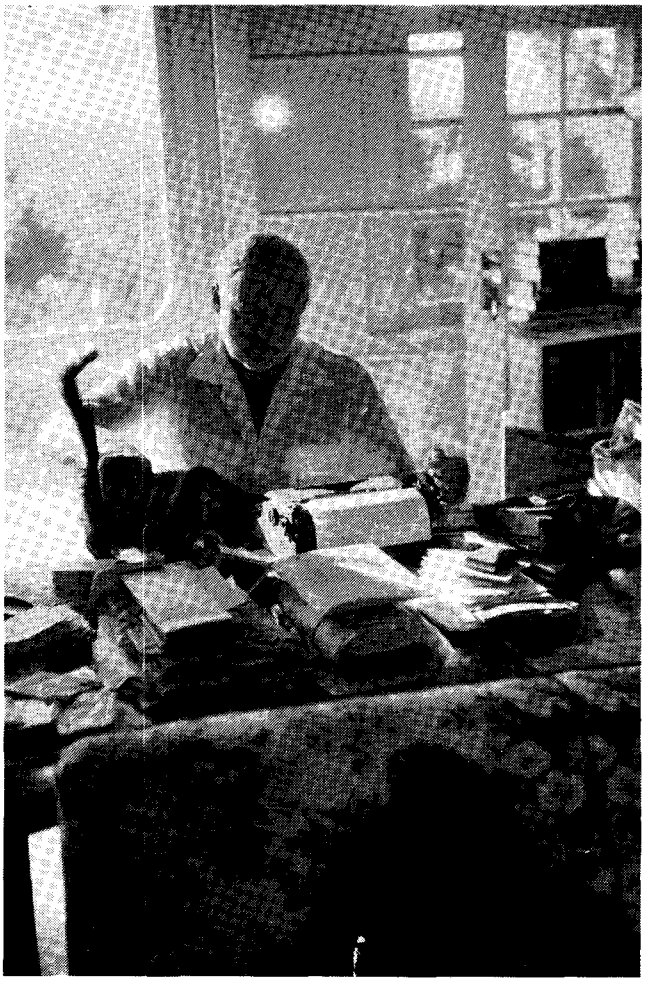
From the time of their first meeting until his suicide in Ketchum, Idaho, seventeen years later, Mary was his virtually constant companion—fishing in the Gulf Stream, cruising up and down the Cuban coast aboard the *Pilar*, traveling to France and Spain and Italy, shooting beside him on his second and her first African safari, and crashing with him twice in airplane accidents in Uganda, which put a permanent quietus on any further adventures with big game but left them free to play the bigger game of staying happily alive.

Hemingway's escape from the Ugandan nightmare was a kind of miracle. Hardly less miraculous, and sometimes forgotten in the literary histories, is the fact that in the last seven years of his life he managed to recover enough to write three more novels and two memoirs, besides drafts of several other books—a remarkable record for one who wrote as slowly and carefully as he did. Those who knew him best during this period are generally agreed that he could hardly have succeeded so well without the aid and abetment of the wife who stuck by him to the end, even or especially when the going was rough.

Now Mary has completed a memoir of her own, having worked on it sporadically during the busy fifteen years since Ernest's death. Long, lively, highly informative, packed to the brim, even running over, with the names and characteristics of people and places, speedily paced and well written, her narrative hums along like a well-tuned engine.

Punning on his famous title "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," she sometimes used to call herself the short happy wife of Ernest Hemingway. In this vivid account of their life together, a dual portrait emerges: man and wife in sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer, until death intervenes and they part. This story makes up the bulk of the book, twenty-four chapters out of thirty-two. The rest fills in the framework of her career before and after, as if, separate from Hemingway, she were someone to reckon with, as indeed she was and is. Although the prime focus is on the man she married—writer, hunter, fisherman, sports enthusiast, teacher and counselor, witty companion, sardonic joker, fast friend, occasional foe, and, not least, lover and husband—she is there, too, like a necessary balance wheel, reluctantly surrendering her successful pursuit of journalism, taking a crash course in Spanish, learning to fish and shoot, renovating the decrepit Finca Vigia, entertaining hordes of visitors both famous and infamous, plan-

Ernest at typewriter with Christobal the cat.



Carlos Baker, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature at Princeton, is the author of Hemingway, the Writer as Artist *and* Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story.

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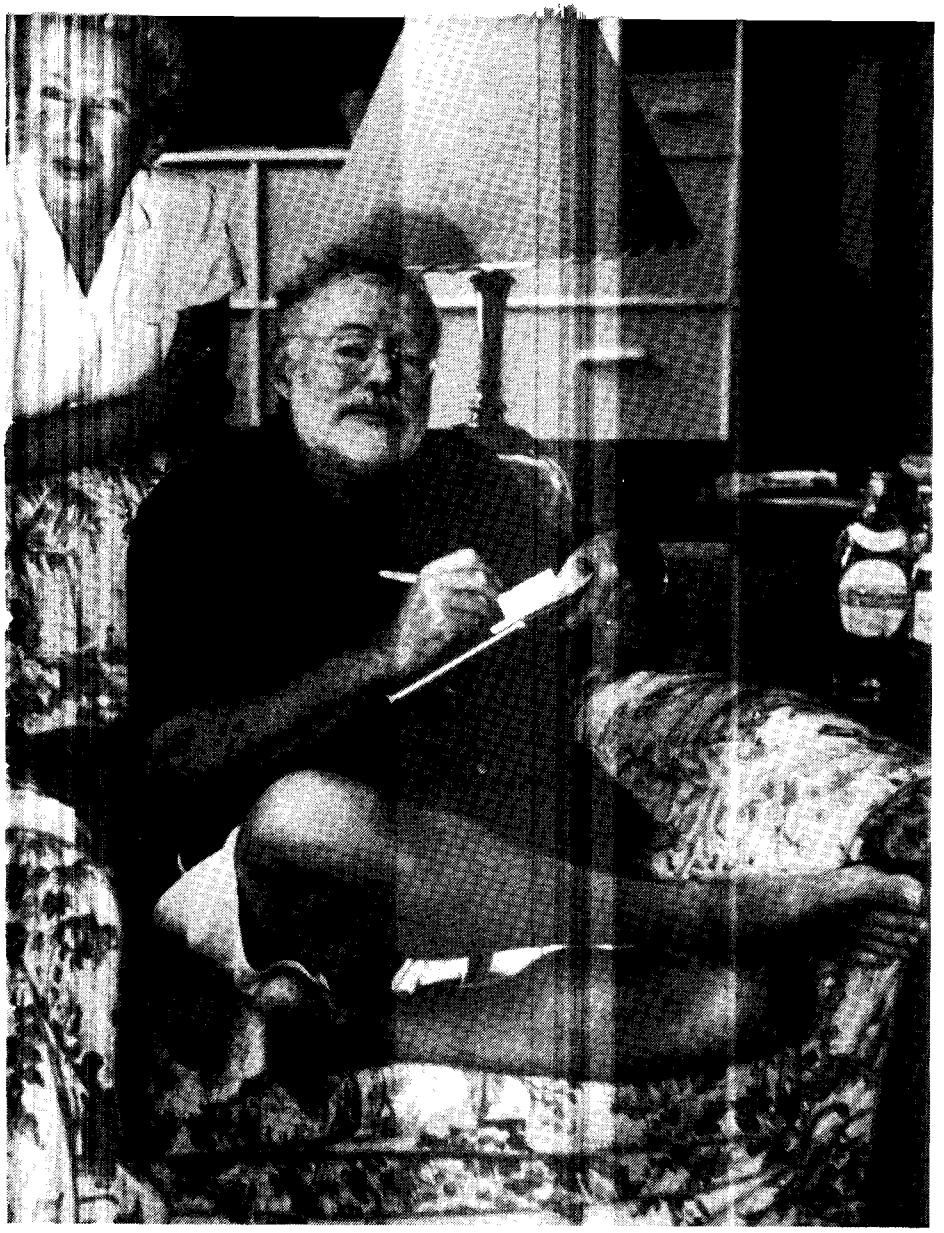
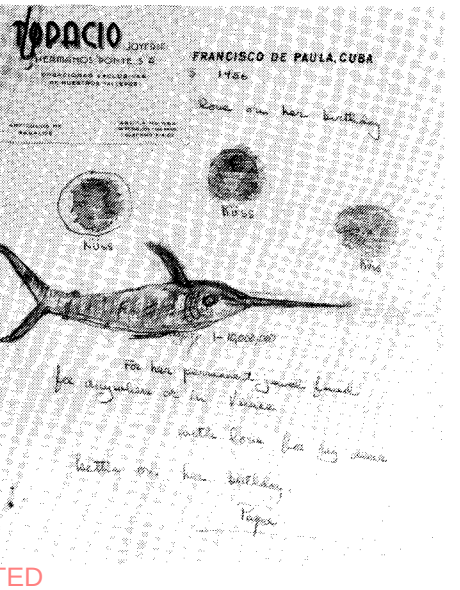


ERNEST HEMINGWAY, novelist and war correspondent, and his bride, who was Miss Mary Welsh of Chicago, former newspaper and magazine writer, hold hands after simple, private wedding ceremony at Havana, Cuba yesterday.

The Hemingways in Cuba. Top left: Mary and Ernest plunked in his favorite chair. Bottom left: the writer with Gary Cooper. Above: the newly married couple (1946). Below: lounging aboard the Pilar *(mid-1950s); birthday greetings from Papa to his "dear kitten."*



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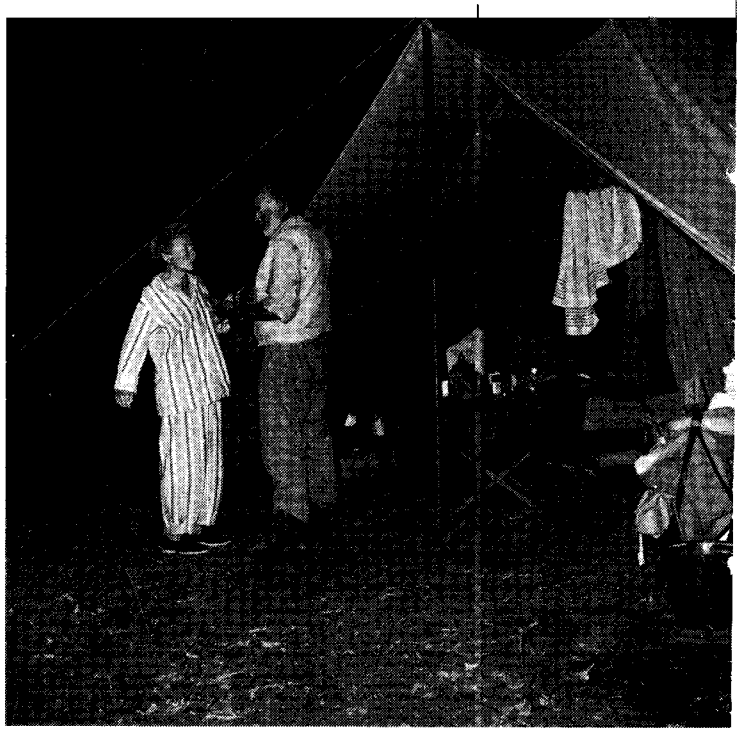
ning elaborate menus, riding herd on the staff of servants, guarding Ernest against intruders, consoling him or giving him hell as the need arose, packing and unpacking before and after their restless journeys over the terrain of three continents.

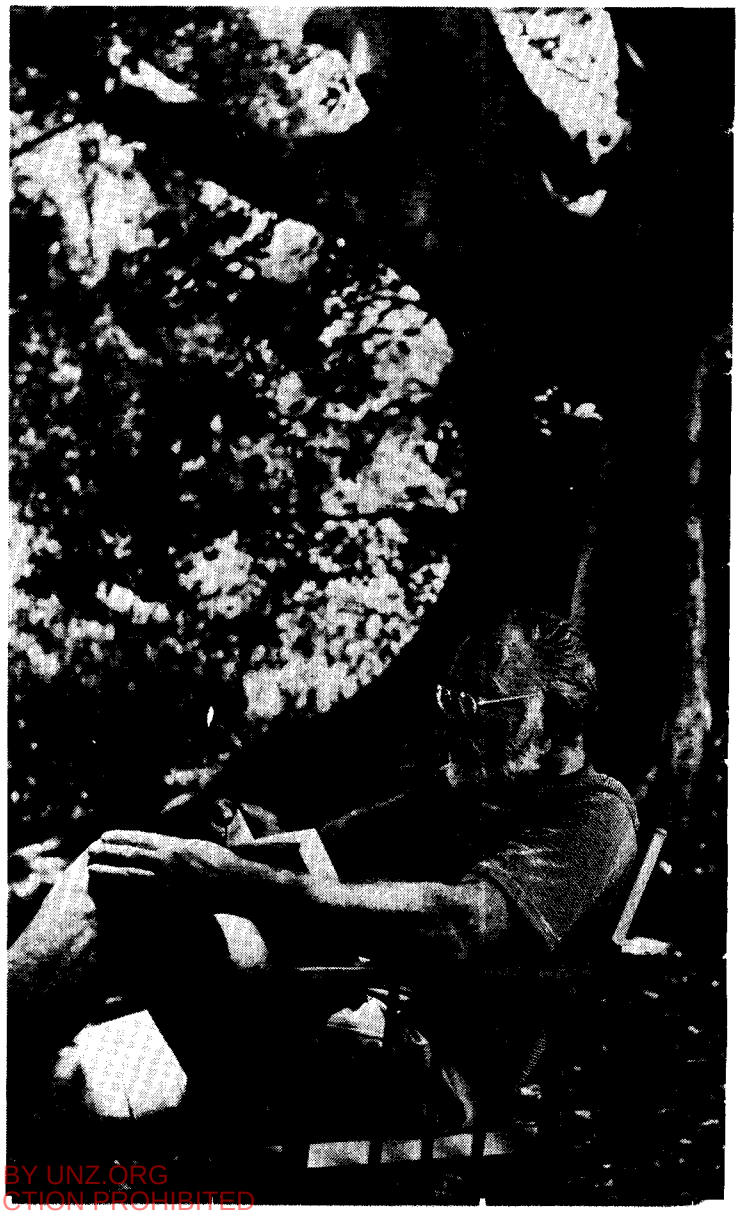
Her book has the further virtues of truth and honesty. Along with the milk and honey goes plenty of pith and vinegar. Long before they first met in a London restaurant under the benign auspices of Irwin Shaw, Mary had become an inveterate diarist, and she continued to be throughout her life with Hemingway. Many extracts from her contemporaneous journals enliven the present narrative. The diary she kept on safari in Kenya and in what is now Tanzania is superior to the abortive "African Book," over which Ernest labored so long, and is at least as good as the outwardly jocose but inwardly sad articles that he contributed to *Look* magazine. Take, for example, her account of an early-morning sightseeing tour in the Amboseli National Reserve when they rounded a curve and came on a rhinoceros. At first Mary thought she was seeing a female with two calves nursing and stood up in the hunting car to snap pictures of the charming domestic scene. On nearer view, however, she saw that the two smaller beasts were in fact hyenas, "nipping and gouging the living meat from a bleeding hole in the rhino's buttock" and lustily devouring the male rhino's genitals. "One well-placed shot" from Ernest's hunting rifle would have forestalled the victim's further suffering, but he stood "rigid and pale," unable to act because of the Amboseli rule that no visitors could shoot for any reason. They hurried back to summon the manager of the reserve, but by the time they returned, the rhino lay mercifully dead, "a thousand shiny ticks boring into his carcass."

She likewise shared with Ernest a considerable skill in rendering the impressionistic vignette, as in this one on Dominguín, the bullfighter, taking his ease at his farm near Saelices: "In the dim sitting room, its shutters closed against the heat, the round fireplace, a hole sunk into the floor with a white-plastered conical chimney sweeping far down to it from the ceiling, was still smoking. Luis Miguel, a millionaire at twenty-five, classically handsome with his straight nose, high cheekbones, straight brows above intelligent dark eyes, greeted us in swimming trunks and sandals and I noted the long scars of horn wounds on both legs."

Her literary opinions often anticipated later criticism. For instance, she says of *Across the River and into the Trees,* which she still regards as his poorest book: "I was unhappy about the middle and later parts of the manuscript. . . . It made me feel disloyal, but I was finding Colonel Cantwell's and his girl's conversations banal beyond reason and their obsession with food and the ploy of the emeralds a mysterious lapse of judgment. I kept my mouth shut. Nobody had appointed me my husband's editor or the bombardier of his self-confidence. Someone at Scribner's would help him modify those passages, I hoped."

Nor does Mary need to take a backseat to anyone, Ernest included, in the fine art of satiric vilification, as can be seen in this extract about Sinclair Lewis in the middle of a Venetian holiday: "I found it just barely possible to look at Mr. Lewis. His face was a piece of old liver, shot squarely with #7 shot at twenty yards. His hands trembled when he ate, blobs of everything oozing out between his lips. His walk was more brittle, the hinges more rusty than those of G. B. Shaw when I last saw him in Dean Street, London, aged





The Hemingways in Kenya. Above: bedtime in the brush. Below: reading under the figs.

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eighty-seven. But his mind was still sharp and glib and slick and I could accept him because he loved Italy."

In addition to keeping her diaries, Mary prepared herself for writing her own memoir by reading hundreds of Ernest's letters. Many of them are now on deposit in temporary quarters at Waltham, Mass., under the curatorship of Jo August, awaiting the long-delayed completion of the J. F. Kennedy Library. Despite Hemingway's interdiction against the publication of his letters, which he set down in his own hand in the spring of 1958 and which up to now has been rigorously respected, Mary wisely decided to quote passages from many of them, chiefly those he wrote to her during her occasional absences but also some to other correspondents, including the present reviewer. "The prohibition on letters has caused me continuous trouble," she writes in a footnote, "and disappointment to others who wished to publish mutual correspondence. I have no explanation, although several guesses, why Ernest chose to impose the restriction. But, being both recipient of the letters and legatee of his will, I deviate a bit from his twenty-year-old wish to publish here for the first time some excerpts."

The decision was wise and will be universally welcome, for it gave Mary the freedom she needed to provide on-the-spot reports on what Hemingway was doing—or said he was doing—while she was elsewhere. She could quote his factual statements, his endearments, his estimates of progress with his writing, his acerbic political views, his rare lapses into baby talk about his beloved domestic animals, and that pathetic letter he sent her from Madrid when his final illness had come upon him: "I wish you were here to look after me and help me out and keep me from cracking up. Feel terrible and am just going to lie quiet now and try to rest."

Through close attention to such letters, as well as to her own diaries, she has everywhere been able to check and correct the inevitable misapprehensions and false chronological conjunctions that unassisted memory falls heir to. The result is verisimilitude of a high order. If this is not in every last detail "how it was" for the Hemingways from 1944 to 1961, it comes about as close as any *ex post facto* reconstruction can be expected to.

One can easily understand why she might have underplayed the underside of her association with Ernest, but she has chosen not to de-emphasize those deep currents of dismay and despair that rose inexorably to the surface in the final years—at first almost imperceptibly except to those who knew him best, and at last with a deadly driving force too obvious to be denied. Even before the final onset, she had known something of that Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. "Never get mixed up with a writer," he had told her once in London. "They're all jerks. . . . They're so in love with themselves they can't appreciate girls. Not even a beauty like you." Mary ignored the compliment. "I run as a brain," she told him. Often enough in the years to come she would recognize the prescience of Ernest's observation, finding that her heart offered reasons for staying on with him that her brain strongly advised her against.

One notably bad year was 1950. In May Ernest insulted her and a favorite cousin of hers by appearing belatedly for lunch and bringing along a young Havana prostitute whom he had nicknamed Xenophobia. In July he cut his much-banged head in an accident aboard the *Pilar*. In September he agonized over nasty reviews of *Across the River*. In October the object of his current sentimental attachment, the young Venetian Adriana Ivancich, arrived with her mother for a long visit at the *finca*. Nothing that Mary could do seemed to please her husband. On successive evenings he wildly but accurately shot out an electric lamp on the terrace, hurled his wife's typewriter angrily to the floor, and later, while the whole company sat with drinks in the living room, suddenly dashed the contents of his wineglass into Mary's face. "It stained, irrevocably, the whitewashed wall behind me," she says. The stain on her memory lasted even longer:

Ernest at a bullfight in Spain with Antonio Ordones (1959).

> As the attacks continued sporadically, together with sudden outbursts of violence, I perceived that, rather than breaking into slobbering pieces of nervous breakdown as Ernest apparently expected me to do, I was building up some sort of resolve and resistance to the inanities. My husband might drive himself wild with his fluctuating tempers if he insisted on so doing, but he was not going to drag me with him, I determined. Too much of our life was too good to allow it to fall apart. We still shared too many times of friendship in solid footing, too many moments of airy wit playing with our languages, too many hours of sweet, if temporary, comfort together.

The horrors attendant on his final breakdown need not be repeated here except to say that Mary's account of them is unique because she is the only one who lived through them with him and who knows from the inside how it all happened. In the years since the double-barreled gunshot was heard round the world, she has performed with an exemplary sense of responsibility those innumerable duties as literary executrix to which Ernest's will summoned her. She donated the *finca* to the Cuban people, assembled and arranged the great masses of published and unpublished material, oversaw the posthumous editing of *A Moveable Feast* and *Islands in the Stream*, and is still attending to a heavy daily correspondence.

Along with all this, she has found or made time to travel extensively, as well as to write her autobiography. Nor is her

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Above: the "short happy wife" hunting in Idaho (1970). Right: snowbound in Ketchum (1958).

work yet done. She tells of plans for publishing more of Ernest's work, including the full-length version of *A Dangerous Summer*, another about the second African safari, a novel about young lovers in the south of France, which Ernest named "The Garden of Eden," and a group of short stories centering on World War II.

Readers of the present memoir, detractors included, will find here an instructive and entertaining narrative on the pleasures and perils of marriage to an authentic genius whose tragic end cut short, but did not otherwise undercut, a brilliant literary career. ◉

The Son Also . . .

Papa: A Personal Memoir
by Gregory H. Hemingway, M.D.
Houghton Mifflin, 119 pp., $7.95

THE current year has also seen the publication of a brief and charming memoir by Hemingway's youngest son, Gregory, a doctor of medicine who, at age forty-five, recently left New York to become a country practitioner in Montana. He might have used his stepmother's title, *How It Was*, for his ten short chapters tell something of what it felt like to be the son of a world-famous writer. After a bitter quarrel when Gregory was twenty, they never saw each other again, though they kept in touch, and the son deplores the tragic changes in his father's personality between youth and age. Once, Gregory says, the world "had flowed through [Ernest] as through a purifying filter, with the distillate seeming more true and beautiful than the world itself." This was mostly spoiled when he became a "professional celebrity" who overdrank to anesthetize "the pain which had accompanied the loss of his talent."

Part of the motivation behind this book is perhaps therapeutic, not unlike that behind some of Hemingway's early stories, in which he sought to rid himself of certain traumas by setting them down in print. What emerge here are a series of priceless anecdotes—a boy's fond memories—and a set of diagnoses—a doctor's backward look at the psychic phenomena that entangled man and boy in a contest of love and will. The anecdotes are excellent: Hemingway boxing with George Brown, fishing off Bimini, rescuing Gregory from sharks among the coral reefs, betting at the jai alai *frontón* in Havana, drinking at the Floridita, sojourning in Sun Valley with Gary Cooper, arming the *Pilar* to hunt German submarines, and shooting pigeons at the Club de Cazadores, where Gregory, aged eleven, tied for the Cuban championship. As for the diagnoses, who can say? Hemingway was a complicated man. So is his son. This memoir helps cut through the tangled knot of their mutual and sometimes antagonistic complexities. —C.B.

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Such Scrupulous Violence

Selected Writings of Artaud
Edited and with an introduction by Susan Sontag
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 736 pp., $20

Reviewed by John Simon

We are entering the age of Artaud, Jerzy Grotowski declared a decade ago. According to Peter Brook, Artaud was "an illuminated genius," which sounds like a handy person to have around during a power failure. Even in the United States, from the Living Theater to Happenings, there has been virtually no avant-garde theater movement that didn't, explicitly or implicitly, invoke Artaud's name. "The Theater of Cruelty," which was his concept, has become a phrase batted about as frequently and sloppily as any old tennis ball. But very few people can tell you much about who this man Antonin Artaud really was and what he wrote and did.

Born in 1896 to a Marseilles shipfitter and his Greek wife, Artaud had a fairly typical troubled childhood: refusal to follow in his strict businessman father's footsteps and excessive, manipulative involvement with his mother. From the age of five, he had serious physical illnesses, followed soon by nervous disorders. At nineteen he was putting in time at a mental sanatorium and had begun writing a kind of eclectic, derivative symbolist verse. The young writer who arrived in Paris in 1920 was solidly in the grip of his lifelong twin torments, defined by Naomi Greene as "his inability to capture his thoughts and the ever-present sensation that his very being was escaping him." He sent some poems to the most prestigious literary magazine, *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, but Jacques Rivière, the *NRF*'s perceptive yet less than avant-garde editor, refused to print them. Instead, he encouraged and advised Artaud epistolarily and finally published their correspondence, which remains to this day a paradigm of the abortive dialogue between disorder and control, revolution and moderate innovation in art—indeed, in life.

Artaud's works, mostly effusions on the borderline between poetry and prose, began appearing in smaller magazines, and he soon joined the surrealists, while also turning his attentions to theater and the rising art of film. An extraordinarily handsome young man, looking like everybody's idea of a fallen angel, proud and haunted, he was to act for or work with some of the great antinaturalist stage directors of the time: Dullin, the Pitoëffs, Jouvet, and, later, the considerably younger Jean-Louis Barrault. In the movies, he had many parts, most notably those of the tormented monk in Dreyer's *Passion of Joan of Arc* and of Marat and Savonarola in films by Abel Gance. He wrote plays and several screenplays, only one of which was filmed, *The Seashell and the Clergyman*. It was directed by Germaine Dulac and, according to Artaud, ruined by her; yet it is generally regarded today as the cornerstone of surreal filmmaking. Artaud's ambitions to become a stage and screen director were frustrated by his being considered too extreme. Even the surrealists, under André Breton, expelled him from their ranks, charging that he was too theatrical, literary, and joyless; he countercharged that they had betrayed their vocation by turning to communism.

Film, too, it seemed to him, had turned traitor by beginning to talk; as for the theater, it appeared to him (with some justification) all text and conventional delivery; in short, verbal. To create a new theater where texts would yield their sway to sights and sounds filling up a space, Artaud, Roger Vitrac, and a couple of others founded, in 1926, the Théâtre Alfred Jarry, which, under Artaud's direction, produced plays by Vitrac, Claudel, and Strindberg; financial and other difficulties put an end to this gallant venture

Artaud as Marat in Abel Gance's 1925 film Napoleon.

Culver

John Simon is the drama critic for Hudson Review *and* The New Leader *and film critic for* New York *magazine.*

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after only two years and four productions. Meanwhile Artaud was not free from mental and physical disorders and treatments; he also became addicted to certain drugs—whether as needed painkillers or from less "pure" motives is still hotly debated, little as the distinction matters by now.

WHILE continuing to write and do some assistant directing, Artaud discovered, at the Colonial Exposition of 1931, a dance-theater troupe from Bali; what he saw, or thought he saw, in Balinese theater started him on a series of essays to be collected later as *The Theater and Its Double*. Here Artaud elaborated his theories about a director's theater at the expense of the written word in which gesture would preponderate and become a body of signs; actors would perform with their entire physiques, with the sounds of their voices and shouts, even with various modes of breathing. There would be radical changes in lighting and music; costumes would be highly stylized and sets superseded by totemic objects; actors and audience would no longer be separated by a proscenium—the acting areas would envelop the audience, which, profoundly implicated, would be stirred up to a new awareness. It would be a "cruelty" proceeding in both directions, performers and onlookers becoming "martyrs burned alive who signal to each other from the stake." There was to be "an end to masterpieces": the classics were to be discarded or used as pretexts for wildly divergent stage events. Theater was to bring about a metaphysical revolution in the world.

Meanwhile Artaud lived as a militant bohemian, peddling his real and imaginary talents and services to prominent stage directors, filmmakers, writers, and editors in letters that were a bizarre mixture of arrogance and pathos. In 1935 he finally got his chance to start the Theater of Cruelty, but misguidedly chose his own play *The Cenci*, a mediocre adaptation of texts by Stendhal and Shelley, as an opener. Upon its failure after seventeen performances, Artaud's mental landscape darkened further, even though he was now being published by Jean Paulhan at the *NRF* as well as by the enterprising little house of Denoël and Steele, which also launched Céline.

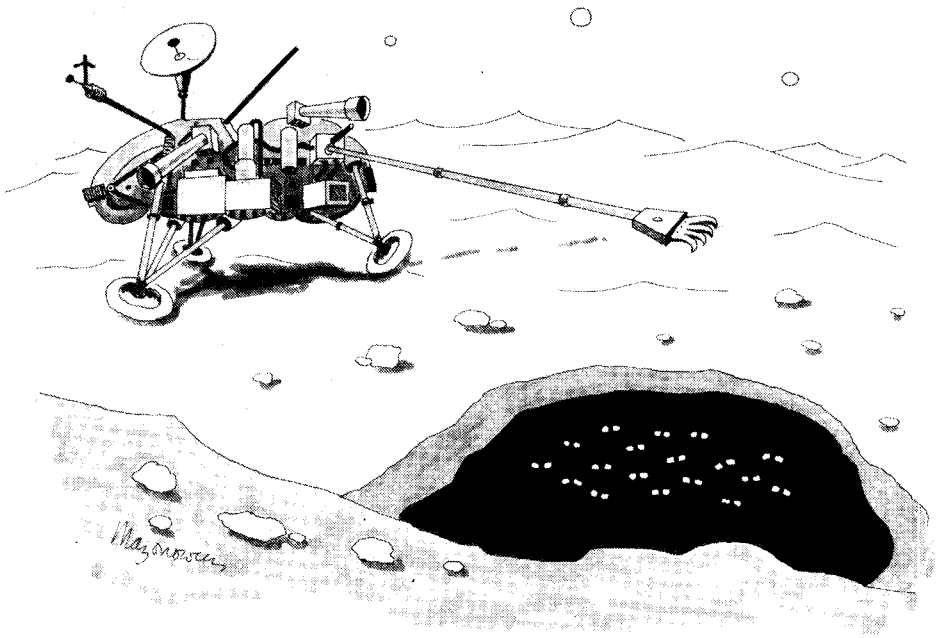
More and more he became absorbed in occult books and pursuits. Partly for a commissioned book on the emperor Heliogabalus, he read up on Gnosticism, the Cabala, Paracelsus, Indian lore (both Asian and American), and also became an adept of the tarot pack. Translating theory into action, he went off in 1936 to Mexico, where he supported himself by lecturing on the coming world crisis—metaphysical rather than political—basing his talks on the doomsday prophecies the tarot cards had foretold. To be purified from the evil that threatened the world, and him in particular, he sought out his ultimate objective, the Tarahumara Indians, and participated in their peyote ritual, about which he was to write a book.

Back in Paris, he made a couple of unsuccessful attempts at disintoxication, then sailed in 1937, completely penniless, as he often was, to Ireland, there to discover the miracle-working staff of Saint Patrick. He now saw himself both as the designated victim of the powers of darkness and as a thaumaturge and potential savior; an outburst of violence in Ireland and again on the government-enforced boat journey back (the details here remain hazy) landed him in a French insane asylum. He was to spend the next nine years, including all of World War II, in four different institutions, in at least one of which he received totally inhuman treatment.

The nature of Artaud's hallucinations was not only on the order of metaphysical megalomania and diabolic persecution; it was also, like much of his writing, violently sexual. Artaud had had only two major relationships with women; both of them ended in frenzied recrimination on his part, and the second in horrific fantasies as well. Transferred at last through the good offices of his friends to the relatively enlightened psychiatric institution at Rodez, his treatment there, including some sixty exposures to electroshock, became the subject of bitter controversy between his family and friends. The family were also against his release in 1946, effectuated by his friends; they thought it premature, not a deliverance but a delivery to the drugs his friends allegedly helped him procure.

The last two years of his life were spent in a sanatorium at Ivry, where he was free to come and go and mingle with his friends in the fermenting artistic life of postwar Paris. The famous friends raised considerable money for him through an auction of their paintings and manuscripts; a reading from his works by celebrated actors was less remunerative, and a later reading by himself, in which he became semi-incoherent, was a saddening experience to the many distinguished hearers. His appearance had changed shockingly: long scraggly hair hung over sallow and cavernous cheeks—shock therapy had made all his teeth fall out. He wrote again and revolved grand schemes in his head, some of them more than a little mad, like a trip to Tibet to overcome the "evil lamas."

A brief reconversion to Christianity at Rodez was now savagely rejected by him.



"If we all keep quiet, maybe they'll think there's no one here."

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He wrote a short but moving book about another artist with whom—as with Villon, Nerval, Poe, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Lautréamont—he identified himself; this was *Van Gogh, the Man Driven to Suicide by Society*, for which he won the important Sainte-Beuve Prize. His text *To End with the Judgment of God*, commissioned by the French radio, was denied broadcast permission at the last moment, exacerbating his anger and pain. Rectal cancer was destroying him even more surely than his increased and by now surely unavoidable reliance on drugs; on March 8, 1948, the Ivry gardener who brought him his daily breakfast found him dead, seated at the foot of his bed.

I HAD to relate this life in some detail, for it was, in many ways, Artaud's most important work. But the complete written works have begun to appear in a conscientious, many-volumed French edition still unfinished; in English, however, relatively little has been available thus far, and even that not always in satisfactory translations and editions. To make available to us a very generous gathering from Artaud's numerous and partly still widely scattered works, Susan Sontag has undertaken an arduous task and executed it thoughtfully and sympathetically in these *Selected Writings*. The translation, by Helen Weaver, is fine (barring a rare lapse like "hung" for "hanged"); the bio-bibliographical notes, by Sontag and Don Eric Levine, supply all the background information one can reasonably expect; and Sontag's long introductory essay addresses itself perceptively and sometimes brilliantly to Artaud's thought, work, life, and influence. After a slightly ponderous, uninviting start, the essay becomes a balanced appraisal of "Artaud's fierce battle to transcend the body [in which] everything is eventually turned into the body" and "his fierce battle to transcend language [in which] everything is eventually turned into language" until the "person of the poet appears in a state beyond nakedness: flayed."

Sontag traces how, through psychic upheaval and Gnosticism, Artaud arrives at his belief in total cultural revolution without recourse to political action. This she considers a mistaken notion and rightly concludes that the work is ultimately "a phenomenology of suffering" where a sense of "his mental deficit becomes, directly or indirectly, the dominant, inexhaustible subject of [Artaud's] writings." She is no less right to say that these writings "may be, among other things, extremely boring or morally monstrous or terribly painful to read." I myself, though I wish the crucial essay "The Theater and the Plague" had not been omitted, find these *Selected Writings*, if anything, overgenerous: the ideas repetitious, the imagery often too unhinged, the growing madness that exacerbates the language into incoherent raving too much of a muchness. Yet to know Artaud from a slender and sanitized selection is not to know him at all; it is, for example, not to know how his letters bleed into lectures and essays, how the prose lunges into the incantatory rhythms of poetry, how the very madness becomes moving by its refusal to yield to silence and defeat.

Sontag herself waxes mystical when she writes, "Artaud's work becomes usable according to our needs, but the work vanishes behind our use of it." Whatever that means, the work has proved usefully suggestive to all avant-garde and many establishment stage directors of our time and has found itself reverberated in the plays of major dramatists—Beckett, Genêt, and Ionesco, among others. Yet Artaud's theatrical precepts are limited in applicability, not so much because they are excessively theoretical, as Grotowski has argued, but rather because they are "self-contradictory to the point of schizophrenia," as Nicola Chiaromonte has shown in an important essay, significantly unmentioned in Sontag's bibliography.

Here lies the only serious flaw of this deserving anthology: its bibliography of French writings about Artaud is judiciously selective, but where English-language writings about him are concerned, the selectivity becomes partisan. Not only Chiaromonte's essay, even book-length studies of Artaud by Bettina Knapp, Eric Sellin, and Naomi Greene (admittedly imperfect but helpful) are ignored, whereas an eight-page article by Sontag's friend Stephen Koch is duly noted. Are the partisan politics that surround Artaud's heritage in France to be transplanted to our soil?

Artaud matters. Even more than to the theater and literature, he contributes to our understanding of madness, of what it is like to be both a paranoid schizophrenic and a genius observing and describing this dementia. For though most of us are not geniuses, we all carry about, in this infectiously demented world, the seeds of excess and disorder. Thus we cannot fail to recognize and learn from what these writings evoke—to use a lovely phrase of Artaud's from a quite different context—with such scrupulous violence. ◉

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Evocations

Speedboat
by Renata Adler
Random House, 178 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Jane Larkin Crain

A STAFF writer for *The New Yorker* and onetime movie reviewer for *The New York Times*, Renata Adler has established herself as a cultural critic notable for the verve and clarity of her style and the brilliance and idiosyncrasy of her observations. Her *New Yorker* articles move with ease and authority over a variety of matters that pressed during the 1960s—the sociology of rock 'n' roll music, New York literary politics, flower children, Vietnam, sundry protest groups, and the civil-rights movement.

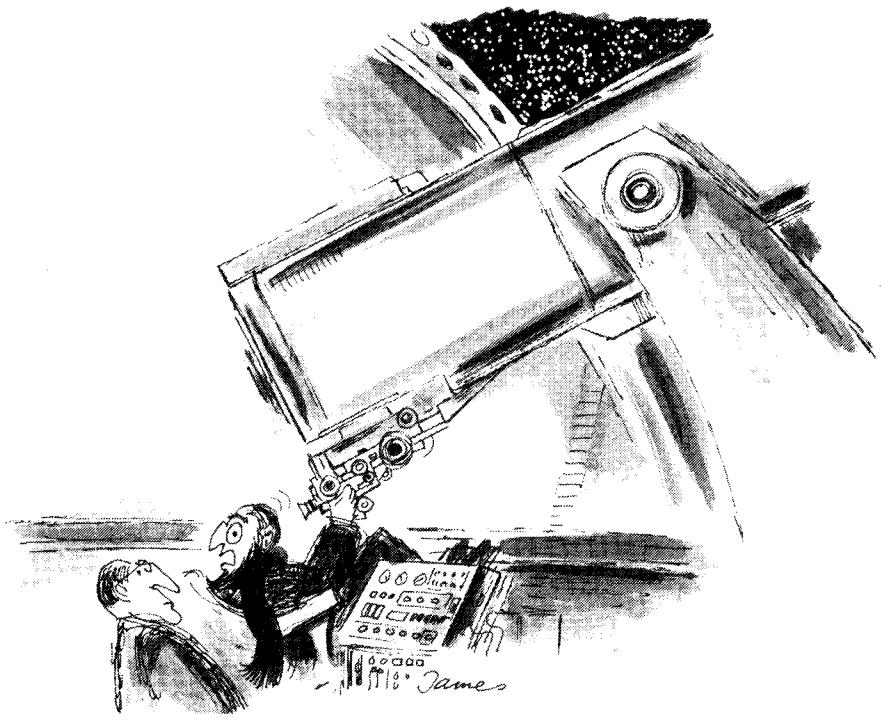
Skirting regnant pieties of every sort, her essays are acerbic, aggressive, sometimes blazingly ironic, yet essentially decent and compassionate, characterized by the blend of wit, seriousness, and charity that resonates throughout *Speedboat*, her first novel. Its narrator, a not-so-young-anymore female journalist, who refers to herself as a "ward heeler of the emotional life," takes the reader through an episodic chronicle of contemporary urban disarray, an arena dominated by "squalls of the arbitrary, dead standstills, traffic jams." Through the first-person narrative of Adler's significantly unnamed heroine, the reader is given a running commentary on an existence that stubbornly refuses to take on a definitive shape or plot. By turns cool, satiric, earnest, funny, the heroine reports on conversations overheard at cocktail parties and in airplanes. She reminisces about family life and the particular and sanctioned self-indulgences of undergraduate life at an elite woman's college. There are kaleidoscopic notes on the everyday insanities of a New Yorker's daily rounds; wry reflections on rats with enough savvy to cross streets with the traffic light, on her own extraordinary eccentricities, and on those of just about everyone else around her. She recounts both the ease and the impasse of various love affairs that never really threaten to get off the ground and records the proliferation of petty cruelties, failures, and absurdities that take up so much space in any given day of any given life.

Throughout, one's attention is caught and held by an originality and intelligence of perspective that distills the craziness of the commonplace without reducing things as they are to tedium or trivia. Although individual experience is frequently on the verge of being swamped, in the author's rendering, by futility and inconsequence, this somehow never happens. Frequently flirting with both bitchiness and cynicism, she never really gets taken in by either.

The speedboat, a rather reckless and unpredictable conveyance, is an apt symbol for the sense of life Adler articulates here. Although ironic postures and dodges safeguard her heroine from self-pity and the gaucheries of melodrama, she seems very much to be making her way through a scheme of things that could veer wildly off course, blow up, or break down at any minute. Constant movement, jet-set peripatetics, inside the head if nowhere else, ward off the flat, the stale, but there is no telling when the price of control will escalate out of reach. "I think when you are truly stuck," the narrator reflects, "when you have stood in the same spot for too long, you throw a grenade in exactly the spot you were standing in, and jump, and pray. It is the momentum of last resort."

OF COURSE, underneath the narrator's globe-trotting, her dread of boredom and emotional stagnation, lies the modern question of meaning. At some point in the novel, an offstage voice announces, "It's not so bad . . . it only isn't wonderful. Nobody has an obligation to be wonderful." The indefinite pronoun here may as well stand for experience itself, and because the sensibility at work in *Speedboat* is finely tuned and sophisticated almost to a fault, a strong suspicion lurks that if "it" *isn't* "wonderful," isn't charged, doesn't glitter,

Jane Larkin Crain is a regular contributor to SR. *Her criticism has also appeared in* Commentary *and other periodicals.*



"Either we're about to be zapped by arachnids from Tau Ceti or there's a dead spider on the lens."

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then after all it doesn't matter, doesn't signify, doesn't count.

However, there is, finally, a pulling back from the snobbery implicit in any merely aesthetic valuation of experience, and a world of consequence emerges at the novel's close, resting on modest, familiar, corny human values that prevent, however erratically, utter chaos. Conditioned perhaps as much by scrupulousness of taste as by anything else, the novel's resolution shies away from any last-ditch attempt at affirmation in a major key, contenting itself with a limited but tenable vision of human possibility that harmonizes with the reality that has been recreated throughout the book. "Sanity," the narrator has noted in passing, "is the most profound moral option of our time"; actually, such a notion, however circumscribed, does correct for some of the more egregious excesses, public and private, of an age.

As *Speedboat*'s accumulating dissections, observations, illuminations, evocations of felt emotional life, gain increasing substance, one can only regret the book's one disabling flaw, which involves the inadequacy of its plotting. As a series of sketches, vignettes, tableaux, the novel has already more force and stature than is ordinarily found in contemporary fiction, even in those offerings that attend faithfully, as Adler's work does not, to narrative conventions. Still, even a most enthusiastic reading of this book leaves one feeling as if it never quite arrives; it sets and maintains a fine pitch and pace from the outset but fails to build. Having started high, however, even mere maintenance is more than adequate, and it is only the novel's considerable virtue that makes one wish it were altogether everything it might have been. ◉

Wit Twister No. 81

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 53.

They worked together, ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___ his book;

But since he liked both books and
women slim,

Till ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ex-
punged her pudgy look,

Her nearness never once ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ him. A. S.

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If We Would Read Him Now

Three Hours for Lunch: The Life and Times of Christopher Morley
by Helen McK. Oakley
Watermill Publishers, 382 pp., $12

Reviewed by George Stevens

AT LONG last, nineteen years after his death, at the age of sixty-six, Christopher Morley is the subject of a biography. Considering the lapse in time, it is a creditable job, though by no means invulnerable to criticism. Helen Oakley brings Chris back to life—at least for one who knew him. I should like to know what impression it makes on readers who did not know him, including readers of my generation (Chris was fourteen years older than I) and younger ones who could never have known him well. The book more than adequately covers the facts of his life. We come to know his parents, to share his early experiences in Haverford, Pa., then his boyhood in Baltimore, his college career at Haverford and then at Oxford (where he went as a Rhodes scholar). We're informed of his newspaper experience in New York and Philadelphia and his rather brief publishing venture at Doubleday, Page & Co., which led to his prolific career as an author.

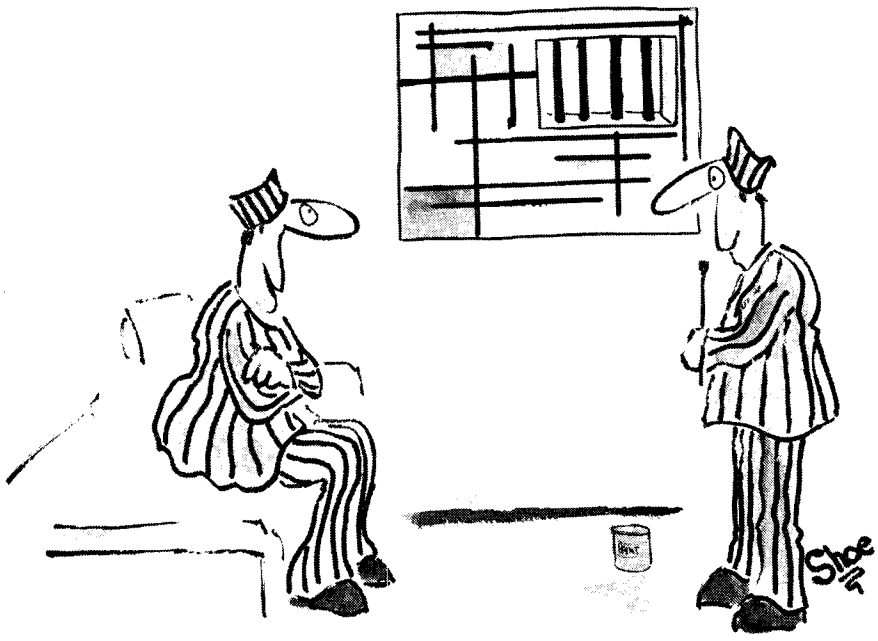
Chris was a gregarious man, especially for one who turned out so many books, so much other copy. He originated the Three Hours for Lunch Club and the Baker Street Irregulars. For a while he had a hilarious, if unprofitable, time producing plays in Hoboken, where good beer was available during Prohibition. He spent the better part of two decades as a contributing editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the better part of three as a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It may be because I knew Chris at the *SRL* that I find the author's treatment of this long and important relationship rather sketchy. Otherwise Mrs. Oakley does justice—errors and omissions excepted—to Chris's activities and his books.

Good old Chris!—to borrow his own favorite form of salutation. I first knew him when I was—with Ogden Nash—in Doubleday's advertising department. By that time Chris was an author of some consequence. He had published two of his most popular and most admired novels, *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left*. Doubleday had issued the Haverford Edition of his works in twelve attractive little red volumes. He—along with Conrad, Kipling, and O. Henry—was considered a "property." So when I was to meet Chris, I expected to be disregarded. Not so, but far otherwise. Chris treated me on a plane of complete equality, without a touch of patronage. He and Ogden exchanged spontaneous pleasantries. And until our paths diverged, in 1940, I was always "good old George," although he knew quite well that, much as I liked some of his stuff (particularly *Thunder on the Left*, *Kitty Foyle*, *Translations from the Chinese*, and many of his essays), I did not share his own enthusiasm for everything he wrote. Only a few of Chris's books are in print now, and one wonders who reads him—especially whether young people read him.

As to Mrs. Oakley's book, her difficulties have resulted largely, but not entirely, from her taking on this project nineteen years after Christopher Morley's death and from her being unable to uncover very much of his correspondence. I have the impression that the only letters from which she quotes were kept by the recipients. I also have the impression that Chris wrote most of his letters with a pencil and that he kept few carbon copies of those he did type. Moreover, the author's acknowledgments make it difficult to locate many of her sources. She says nothing in the acknowledgments about four of Chris's closest friends: Frank Henry, Robert K. Leavitt, William S. Hall, and Buckminster Fuller. But all four are quoted directly or indirectly in the text; Mrs. Oakley even speaks of a recorded interview with Frank Henry. I wish she had been more specific.

Altogether—and I make this refrigerating remark with regret—this book is just good enough to make one wish it were better. What are we to think when, on the very first page of the author's foreword, we are told: "During the Twenties and Thirties he [Morley] was America's leading 'man of letters'; internationally, his reputation was exceeded only by that of George Bernard Shaw"?

I have said the *SRL* is treated too sketchily. For instance, Chris's celebrated



"I like it! It's very Mondrian!"

George Stevens was managing editor of the Saturday Review of Literature *from 1933 to 1938 and editor from 1938 to 1940.*

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disclosure of O. O. McIntyre's borrowings is too offhand, out of chronology, and in an inappropriate context. There are numerous inaccuracies, but space is available for only a few instances. Surely it was Rudyard Kipling who nicknamed F. N. Doubleday "Effendi." *The New Yorker* was founded in 1925, not in 1921. In the altercation begun about 1929 by E. P. Dutton & Co. with the Book-of-the-Month Club, Dutton didn't sue the club; it was just the reverse. (The suit never reached court.) Mrs. Oakley says of *The Trojan Horse* that "some of it . . . had appeared as fragments in the columns of the *Saturday Review*." No, ma'am, it was the whole damn book, in all its interminable tedium, that appeared in "The Bowling Green" (Chris's department). Four or five columns ran consecutively from August 7, to November 27, 1937. (Mrs. Oakley thinks well of *The Trojan Horse*; so did Chris. To do their opinions justice I should add that Bernard DeVoto, then editor of the *SRL*, was of the same mind and yet he is mentioned nowhere in Mrs. Oakley's book.) Most astonishing of all is the following passage: "Throughout his life he [Morley] would find stimulation and solace aboard ship. Steam rather than sail found him responsive, and much of his appreciation and affinity for the work of Joseph Conrad arose from this, the shared feeling that the engine was the heart of the living ship." Was Mrs. Oakley thinking of William McFee? Several names are misspelled.

From most of these faux pas (and others), the author should have been rescued by her editor. Be that as it may—and here is another air-conditioned remark, reluctantly made—this book is a good deal better than no book at all. Good old Chris! He really should have had a Boswell. And no one could have taken greater pleasure in being his Boswell's Johnson. ◉

Books in Brief

Flight to Canada
by Ishmael Reed
Random House, 194 pp., $6.95

IN THIS brilliant, outrageous spoof, Reed deliberately mixes fact and fiction, hilarious anachronisms, folklore and personal mythology, caricature and idiom, all for choice comic effect. Though characterized as a "slave's-eye view of the Civil War," the satire is doled out impartially. The runaway ex-slaves who accompany the protagonist part way on his "flight to Canada" are hardly more virtuous than the evil slavemaster Swille. One of them, for instance, a former chicken thief, now earns his living making porno pictures and offering himself through newspaper ads as a slave-for-a-day. Reed's Lincoln is an amalgam of what a century of idolatry has sometimes made of him, the product of too many worshipful Lincoln's Birthday lessons in dull grade schools, a pompous piece of calendar art.

The landscape Reed creates in *Flight to Canada* is scintillatingly irreal, partly a microcosm within which he plays out various paranoid political fantasies and indulges himself in moral skull cracking. But, more importantly, it is a world skillfully designed to allow the free play of a talent for hyperbole and downright yarning unequaled since Twain and for the impressive energy and stunning improvisations of an original and exciting comic imagination. —JOE DAVID BELLAMY

Limo
by Dan Jenkins and Edwin Shrake
Atheneum, 256 pp., $8.95

WHAT *Limo* does to network television is what Dan Jenkins's solo effort, *Semi-Tough*, did to pro ball—expose it as a business run by inept and insufferable yes-men. In this case, the lackey is the book's narrator, programming chief Frank Mallory, whose job it is to keep an eccentric millionaire known as "The Big Guy" happy with the mindless shows they air on his network.

Frank Mallory feels he is standing on the crow's nest of a ship that has already sunk in its own bilge, but at least *his* head is well above water. For a guy who only dreamed of someday owning an Olds Eighty-eight, he has come by a neurotic wife, a mansion in Pelham Manor, two spoiled children, and a limousine, called "The Silver Goblet," which is chauffeured by a macho country 'n' western nightclub owner named D. Wayne Cooper.

Mallory's manic dealings with illiterate screenwriters, suicidal directors, and an overly chic female journalist leave him slightly dazed between wisecracks. The headlong pacing and sensory appeal of the characters may be a bit too Rabelaisian, too quick on the drawl, too often given to the kind of lines you wish you'd thought of the next morning, but what the novel lacks in sociological *angst*, it makes up for in corporative, day-to-day *tsuris*. This is a very funny book. —JOHN MARIANI

Messengers of God:
Biblical Portraits and Legends
by Elie Wiesel
Random House, 237 pp., $8.95

THESE seven short stories are gems of mystery and suspense that draw upon material from the Bible and the vast ocean of rabbinic legend and commentary. God plays a central role in each episode, yet the characters Wiesel vividly portrays are the biblical Adam, Jacob, Moses, Job, who pulsate with complexities and paradoxes, strengths and weaknesses known to everyman. The author is not one to idealize biblical heroes. Jacob's deceptiveness and fear of real challenge are shown to be the consequence of experiences that are so poignantly rendered they throw light on the reader's own struggle for self-discovery. At the same time, Wiesel relates these characters' own experiences to his traditional concerns: the nature and destiny of the Jewish people, the holocaust, the mystery of God's way with man. In so doing, he has been at pains not to minimize the darkness in life and the enigma of man's behavior, and he also offers guidance. *Messengers of God* is one in a series of this genre, which began with Wiesel's previous *Souls on Fire*, and we eagerly await publication of the next volume. —BERNARD MANDELBAUM

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 68

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 54.*

FM YRILDZ'V NWYQUM
QWVGKVWIWKY AKVI
XLZVIWKYV OBWTB WI
WV FZMKYQ R ARY'V
GKOZD IK RYVOZD QK
YKI KTTLD IK BWA RI
RUU. —VRYIRMRYR

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

The Irish from Wake Forest

Austin Clarke was what the Irish call a "grand man," and I had the honor of knowing him for a few years before he died, in 1974 (he was born in 1896). Now his fellow Irish poet Thomas Kinsella has edited Clarke's *Selected Poems*, which is available from Wake Forest University Press, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109, for $12.50, hard, and $6.95, paper; add thirty cents postage for each. (The same press—a long way from Ireland—also offers the newest book by the highly regarded Northern Irish poet John Montague, *A Slow Dance*, for $4.25, paper.) You can only go right with either. Kinsella says of Clarke's collection: "Like most books, this would probably be better shorter, but the elimination of any poem among those following would have cost the editor a pang which, however slight, he was not (given this opportunity) prepared to suffer." Here's "A Strong Wind," which I've used in my anthology of Irish poetry:

All day a strong wind blew
Across the green and brown from
Kerry.
The leaves hurrying, two
By three, over the road, collected
In chattering groups. New berry
Dipped with old branch. Careful insects
Flew low behind their hedges.
Held back by her pretty petticoat,
Butterfly struggled. A bit of
Paper, on which a schoolgirl had
written
"Máire loves Jimmy," jumped up
Into a tree. Tapping in haste,
The wind was telegraphing, hundreds
Of miles. All Ireland raced.

Did He Finagle?

Moral dilemmas are all over the place in *The Wallpaper Fox*, by Morris Philipson (Scribner's, October 12, $7.95). Henry Warner, who just turned fifty, seems a solid, conservative businessman, stuffed with probity. But he did finagle that money, didn't he? Or did he? He says it wasn't stealing—by his lights. And his son, high on grass, *did* run over and kill a friend, right? But should he turn himself in? What would that accomplish? It's the intelligent kind of novel that makes the reader ask himself what he'd do under the same circumstances. It's full of philosophical musings: "The difference between the good will and the self-serving will is knowable only within the self. It's so easy to mislead others about your intentions."

Emphasis on X

Talk was that Gael Greene's first novel would be the sexiest by a woman yet, and talk was *right*. *Blue Skies, No Candy* (Morrow, October 12, $7.95) is about a middle-aged woman screenwriter who loves her husband. But oh, you tall, lean Texas cowboy (not to mention a half dozen other studs who happily oblige)! This frequently funny, sometimes outrageous book runs the sexual gamut from A to Z, with special emphasis on X—and that doesn't mean "kiss." Greene is, by profession, an extraordinarily fine writer about food, so naturally the few passages that could be quoted in a family magazine are about eats:

Jamie's French toast is always perfect, sodden with egg and golden brown, sometimes dusted with sugar, sometimes pressed together with nutty yellow fontina or even brie. Once he made French toast of a tunafish sandwich. That is his bizarre bent. Apricots in shrimp curry. Foie gras tucked inside chicken Kiev. Sometimes his madness is brilliant. Green crêpes filled with sour cream and a puree of avocado. And his chocolate rum milk shakes are demonic.

The Joy of Age

> Youth is happy because it has the ability to see beauty. Anyone who keeps the ability to see beauty never grows old. —KAFKA

According to the above definition, Elizabeth Coatsworth is not old; she simply happens to be eighty-four. You'll love her wise and charming book *Personal Geography* (Stephen Greene Press, $10, October 13), which is a selection from a half century of her private journal keeping. Coatsworth has written many children's classics, and I've always been particularly entranced by her haunting poems. She was born in Buffalo and, as a young woman, traveled through Europe and the Far East, eventually settling down in Maine with her husband, the nature writer Henry Beston (whose *The Outermost House* is dear to so many people). Coatsworth herself is a superb nature writer as well as an appreciator of people. She has adjusted to widowhood and the frailties of old age. Her book is about happiness, really, and is full of good old New England self-reliance. I knew I'd like the book from the very beginning, when she wrote, "After catching one very small sunfish when I was little, I never wanted to kill anything again. I remember being proud of that sunfish and not even sorry for it, yet something in me said, 'That will do,' and has done me for the rest of my life."

And speaking of age, on October 19 Crown will bring out *A Good Age*, by Alex Comfort, at $10. Comfort is the man who made us feel comfortable about sex in *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy*. He's a fine poet and the world's leading gerontologist. He's in a positive rage about how the old are treated, particularly here:

Don't put up with being addressed by nurses, aides and others as "Granny," "Pop" or the like. Point out acidly that you have a name and if they don't know it they can damn well ask, and that you were earning a living when they were still eating baby food.

He's dead set against "retirement." Think ahead, he says, and plan to do some other kind of work after you've been supposedly put out to pasture. He insists that a sex life can and should be abundant after sixty. He suggests that "agism" is a prejudice. What to do about old age?

If you ask what you should take to have a chance of delaying your own aging, the answer is, "Take the trouble to write your congressman and to get the National Institute of Aging Studies as generously funded as one paranoiac weapon or one South American dictator." ◉

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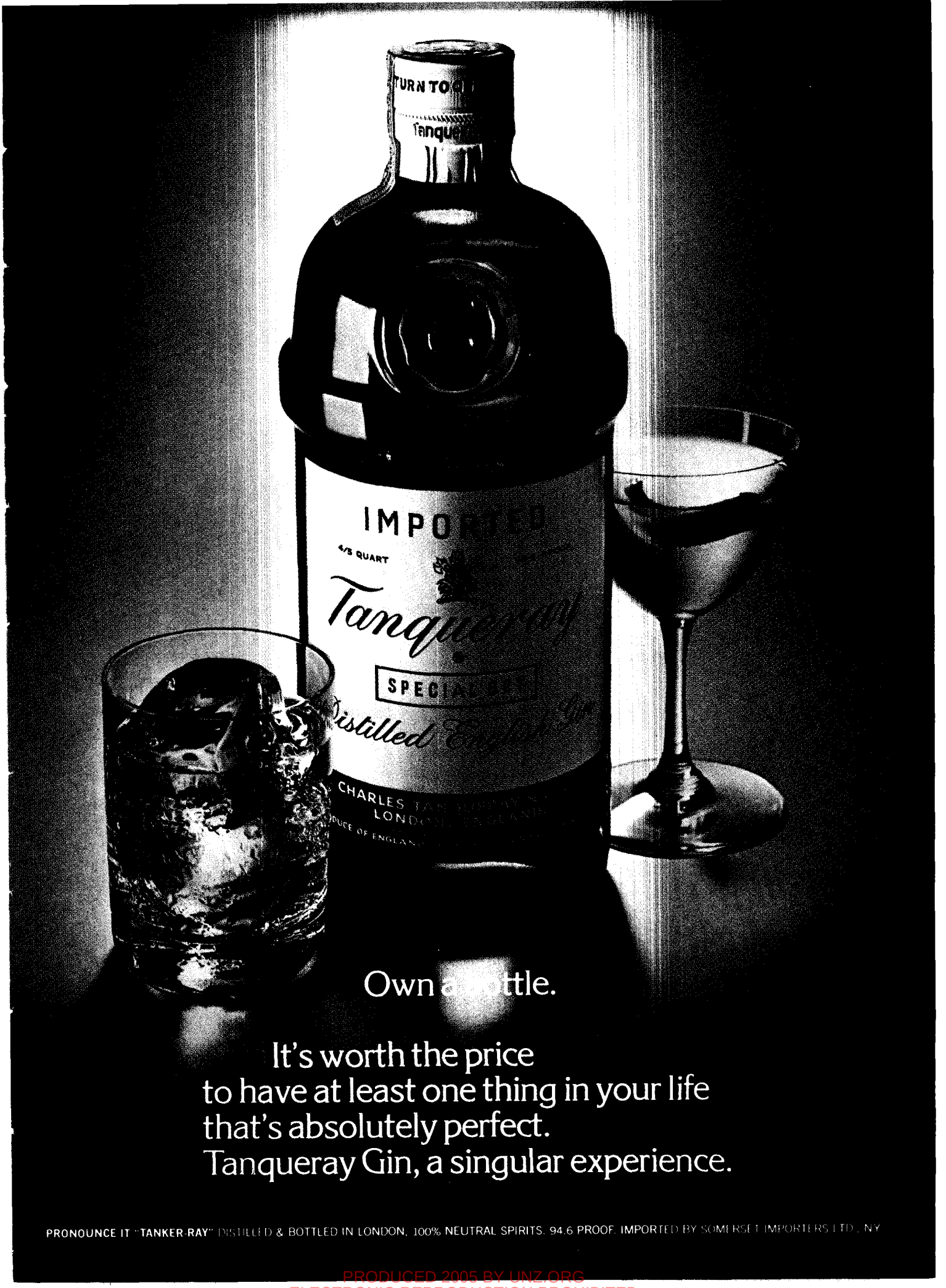

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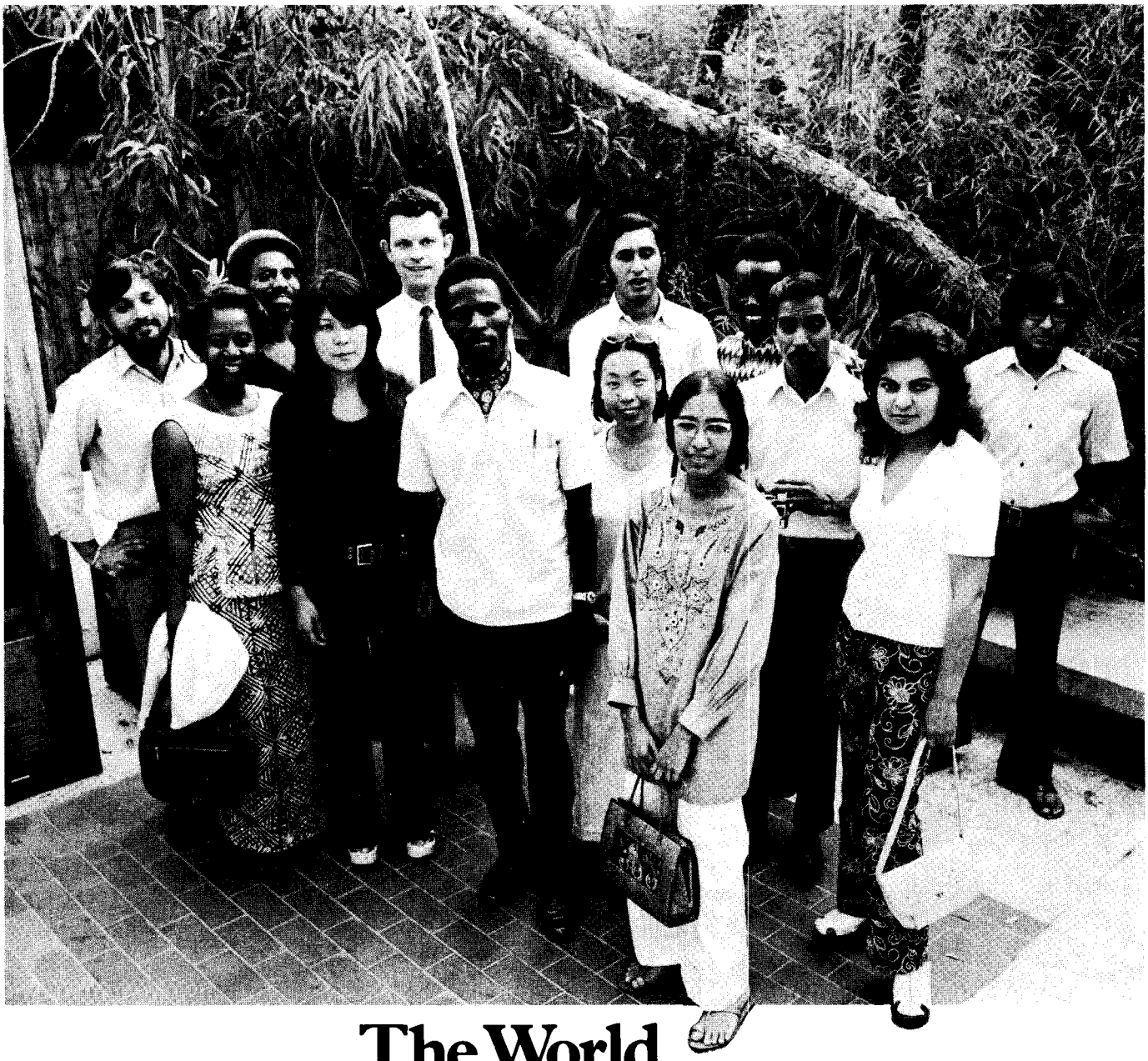

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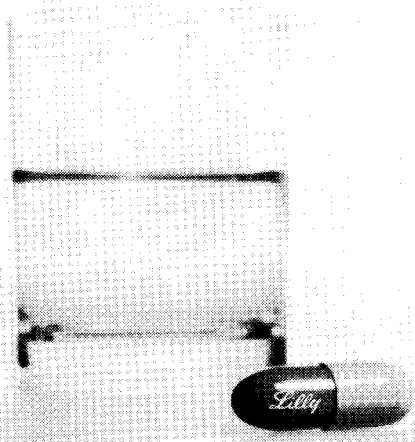

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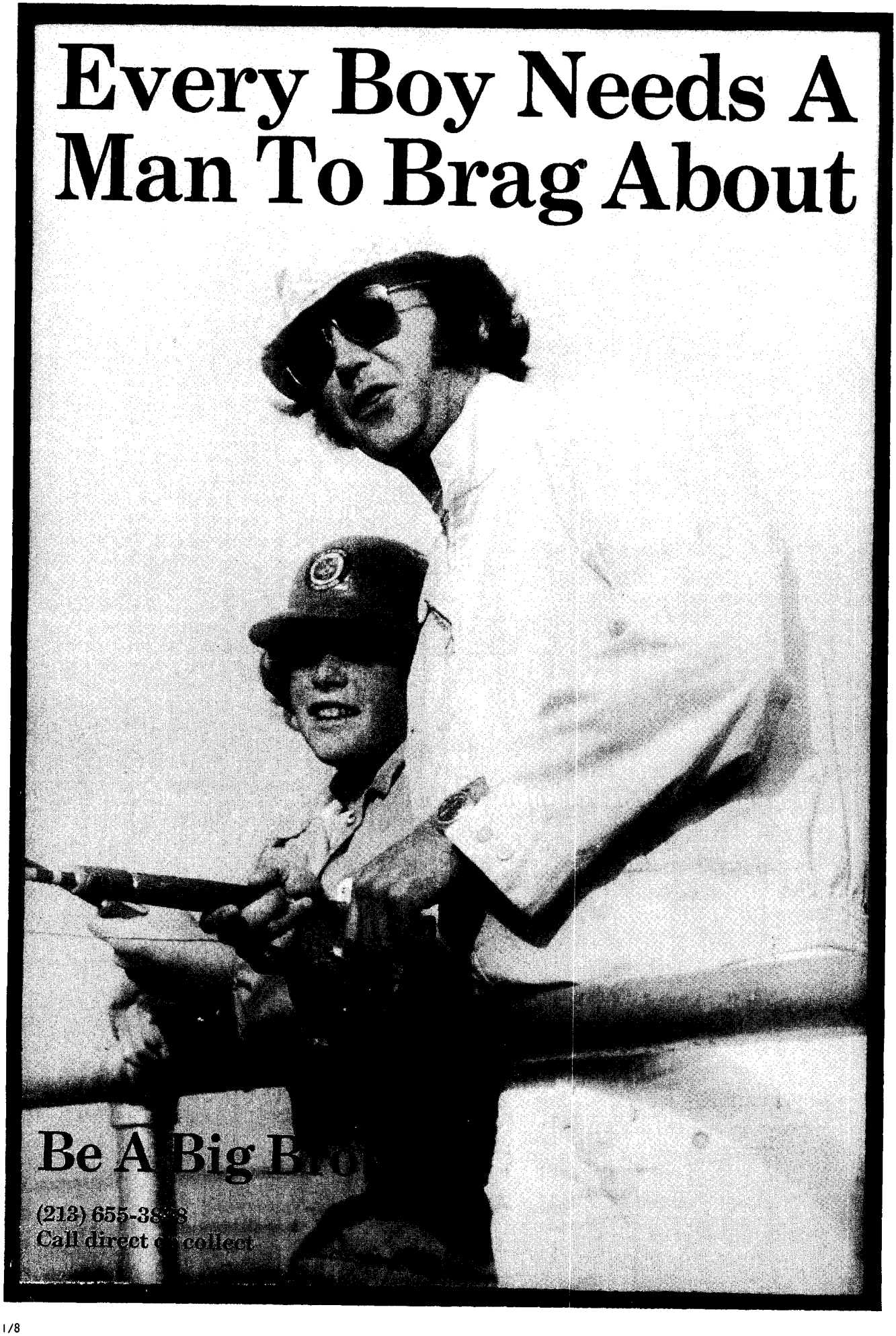

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Artsletter

POLITICS AND THE ARTS

Both political parties give more than passing attention to the arts in their 1976 platforms—a big change from previous years, when the arts received only the most perfunctory mention. The Democratic platform pledges "support of the National Endowments through adequate funding, development of special anti-recession employment programs for artists, copyright reforms to protect the rights of authors, artists, and performers, and revision of the tax laws that unfairly penalize artists." The Republicans say pretty much the same thing, though their commitment to increased funding of the Endowments is modified by the proviso that "Washington's presence should never dominate." Significantly, the GOP also endorses "safeguarding the rights of performing artists in the copyright laws." So far neither party has made much headway in putting those safeguards into practice.

COOPER-HEWITT

A new museum opens in New York City on October 6—or, depending on how you look at it, an old one reopens. Its official name is the National Museum of Design, in deference to its affiliation with the Smithsonian Institution, though the place will probably continue to be known as the Cooper-Hewitt, which is how New Yorkers referred to it when the collection was located downtown at Cooper Union. It's now installed in one of the city's choicest pieces of real estate: the baronial Andrew Carnegie mansion, at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-first Street.

The original museum was founded in 1897 by Peter Cooper's three granddaughters as an American counterpart of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, in Paris. Over the years, the Cooper-Hewitt grew in size and scope until it became one of the world's great repositories of textiles, wallpapers, prints and drawings, metalwork and woodwork. There was only one trouble: the museum was New York's best-kept secret. So few people were making use of it that Cooper Union eventually decided to close it and sell off the contents.

Fortunately, the collection remained intact, thanks to the intercession of the Smithsonian, which agreed to take over the role of sponsor in 1967. By then, much of Cooper-Hewitt's material had been put in storage, awaiting the day when a new home could be found for the collection. That was provided by the Carnegie Corporation, which deeded the old Carnegie family residence to the Smithsonian three years ago. It's quite a home: a splendid example of turn-of-the-century magnificence, much of it now restored to its former finery. The first floor—with its formal dining and reception rooms, oak-paneled foyer, and spacious library—is being kept as it was in Carnegie's day. So is the white-tiled basement, containing the original steam boilers, pumps, and electrical generators. More substantial structural alterations have been allowed on the upper floors to adapt them to the needs of the museum.

If Cooper-Hewitt was a well-kept secret before, it certainly isn't now. Lisa Taylor has seen to that. Mrs. Taylor, the museum's director since 1969, is a small, deceptively soft-spoken lady in her early forties who has managed to raise the $6 million needed to bring Cooper-Hewitt back to life. She is determined to make the museum an ongoing event in New York's—and the nation's—cultural life. "One of the points we want to make," she told us on a preview tour, "is that design is everywhere. That's why in our opening exhibit we shall have a large display devoted entirely to bread—in all the many forms and shapes it takes throughout the world. Another display will show the hammer as an object of design. You see, it's not just the products of design but the process of design that we want to emphasize."

The show that opens Cooper-Hewitt on October 6 is called "Transformations." Underwritten by the Johnson Wax Company, prepared under the direction of Hans Hollein, it will illustrate Lisa Taylor's thesis that design is something we live with every day. "I'm aware," she admits, "that a lot of the objects in our collection might turn people off. A Meissen figurine just by itself, for example, is an acquired taste. So we want to emphasize the timeless, to act as a bridge between past and future. Down at Cooper Union there were days when only a half dozen visitors might show up at the museum. I'd be disappointed if we don't have a half million here the first year." —ROLAND GELATT

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Cinematic Blacklisting and Censorship

by Judith Crist

In *The Front*, the Martin Ritt–Walter Bernstein movie about the Red Menace witch-hunts of the Fifties, someone tells the story of a blacklisted actor who went back to his farm in Texas and struck oil. It ends with the bitter comment, "Every little cloud has a silver lining." That same "little cloud" passed over Ritt's and Bernstein's careers and now provides pure gold for moviegoers—and hopefully, for moviemakers.

What Ritt, the producer and director, and Bernstein, the author, have come up with is not only the first non-documentary feature film to deal directly and intelligently with McCarthyism but also a first-rate dramatic entertainment, leavened by wit and distinguished by its humanistic approach to ethical problems. Further, they have provided Woody Allen with a straight role that demonstrates his remarkable range as an actor, and, even more notably, they have reined Zero Mostel's prodigious talent to the realities of the screen. And perhaps most important, their period piece glitters with present-day relevance in its consideration of virtue and venality, our not completely antithetical national characteristics.

It's worth emphasizing that the filmmakers speak from personal experience. Both had been involved with television, Ritt as an actor and director, Bernstein as a writer; both were blacklisted in 1951 for alleged communist associations. Ritt turned to the theater, where the blacklist was less serious than in movies and television, and then emerged in 1956 as a first-rank film director with *Edge of the City*. Bernstein, banned through 1958, continued to write teleplays but sold them through "fronts" for less than a tenth of his usual fee. Their long-standing shared ambition to make a movie—and not a polemic—about the era and the ordeal took shape in 1973 with Bernstein's proposal that he use his own experiences with "fronts" as the premise for a screenplay.

Getting studio backing was not so simple, despite Ritt's clout as the director of such money-makers as *Sounder* and *Pete 'n' Tillie*; turndowns were the order of their days until 1974, when David Begelman, the new head of Columbia Pictures, took them on, even though, Ritt notes, Allen was not yet committed to the movie. Begelman's support, it should be noted, predated that of CBS, in 1975, for *Fear on Trial*, a television dramatization of the blacklisting and legal vindication of John Henry Faulk, the radio commentator. Two years earlier, in 1973, *The Way We Were*, a film based on Arthur Laurents's novel about the Hollywood witch-hunt era, substituted adultery for the political causes of a broken marriage. Even documentaries have been few and far between since *Point of Order*, the superb Emile de Antonio–Daniel Talbot documentary based on the Army-McCarthy hearings. The most recent, *Hollywood on Trial*, by David Halpern, Jr., was shown at the Cannes Festival in May but has not yet been slated for distribution here.

Mostel and Allen in The Front—*"Glitters with present-day relevance."*

A collage of newsreel clips of the early Fifties to the tune of Frank Sinatra's "Young at Heart" sets the time and temper for *The Front* and for its protagonist, Howard Prince. Howard, played by Woody Allen, is a middle-class pre-hippie dropout, a restaurant cashier and part-time bookie subsisting on loans from his successful brother. He basks in the reflected glory of his high-school friend Al's success as a television writer. One day, Al reports that he's been blacklisted as a communist sympathizer ("You always were," Howard says. "But it's not so popular now," Al explains) and asks Howard to "front" for him, delivering Al's teleplays for 10 percent of the take. Howard nervously undertakes the chore out of friendship, struggling to rise to literary occasions. Congratulated on writing "about people," he modestly ex-

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plains, "If you're going to write about human beings, you might as well make them people." Asked about his background, he says negligently, "I bummed around a lot. I was a boxer, a seaman, all those things you gotta be to be able to write." Before long, he acquires a stable of blacklisted writers, a posh apartment, custom suits, and the love of a lovely script editor.

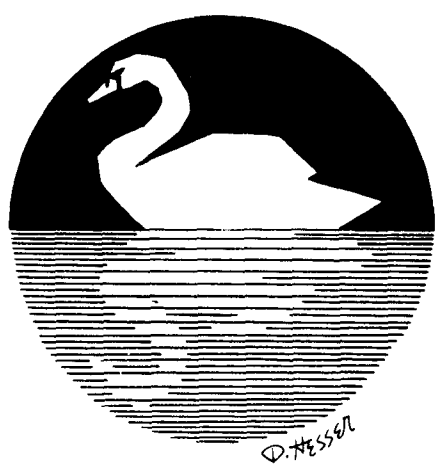
Success changes Howard, who's begun to read Faulkner and O'Neill and has mastered cocktail-party jargon. Soon he's rejecting scripts as not good enough for his submission, negotiating for a series on his own, and declaring that "blacklisted isn't enough" qualification for a writer. But slowly and surely, through the ordeal of Zero Mostel's Heckie Brown, a comic driven to desperate measures by his blacklisting, and through his truelove's stand, Howard awakens to the ethical holocaust around him and is brought to his own time for decision.

Bernstein and Ritt provide a detailed tapestry of those Dark Ages during the golden age of television, from the "liberal" producer turned hypocritical hatchet man to the network president kowtowing to sponsors and self-styled investigators; from the cold-blooded interrogators to the terrorized victims. The filmmakers' careful balance and cool approach let the viciousness and the sweetness of humans speak for themselves. The casting is impeccable, with Allen's completely unmannered and utterly winning Howard; Mostel's monstrously comic and heartbreakingly hopeless clown; Herschel Bernardi's futile producer; Michael Murphy's sophisticated scriptwriter; and Andrea Marcovicci's beautiful and passionate script editor. Incidentally, Mostel, Bernardi, and two supporting players were also blacklist victims. Fittingly, it is the survivors who, in recalling a terrible past, provide us with hope for our present survival and do so by way of one of the year's best films.

THE clue to Barbet Schroeder's 1974 documentary, *Idi Amin Dada: A Self-Portrait,* in topical release after the Entebbe raid, is provided in the thirty-five-year-old French filmmaker's report of how the Ugandan dictator censored the finished film. Demanding three cuts of derogatory but factual commentary, Amin rounded up some 100 French citizens working in Uganda and held them hostage in a Kampala hotel until the producer, Jean-François Chauvel, a French journalist, arrived to make the changes: the deletion of a sentence holding Amin responsible for the disappearance of thousands of Ugandans after he seized power in 1971; the deletion, after a scene showing him shouting at his foreign minister, of a comment that "the minister's body was found floating in the Nile, and he was replaced by Princess Bagaya"; and the deletion of Schroeder's final personal comment, "After a century of colonialism, we should not forget that Amin is in part or partly a deformed image of ourselves." Amin's point to the producer was "I'm a black nationalist. I'm not copying anything of your civilization."

What remains in the documentary is indeed a self-portrait, one that presents an ever-laughing, ever-posing Amin, babbling away at the cameras about his wide popularity and renown, ranting against the Israelis in particular and Jews in general, and boasting of his own accomplishments and wisdom. He staged, for the cameras, a cabinet meeting at which he dresses down his ministers and orders them to act independently—after they have been "briefed" by him. He staged native festivities, military reviews, public celebrations in his honor, and even a mock battle to show how he could capture the Golan Heights from Israel. He staged a domestic scene with several of his eighteen children (by his four wives, three of whom he had recently repudiated for not being "revolutionary enough"), a swimming race he wins by cutting across his competitors' lanes, a river trip to demonstrate his rapport with elephants and crocodiles.

The result is an almost mesmerizing session with a dangerous despot—and a dangerous documentary for those unaware of the facts of Amin's bloody rule, since his statements are unchallenged and his primitive charm and humor are all too evident. Unfortunately, the filmmakers cannot risk updating the material or adding commentary. But in one respect Amin traps himself. Declaring that his dreams provide him with clairvoyance, he predicts the end of Israel by the end of 1975. Then, announcing his support of Black Septembrists and terrorists, he declares Palestinian hijackers welcome. As for the hijackers' hostages, he suggests that they book their flights wisely, avoiding high-risk airlines, like El Al or TWA: "You must fly Air France or East Africa Airways." The Entebbe affair was apparently beyond his dreams.



IF ORIGINALITY per se makes points for a filmmaker, Britain's Alan Parker gleans a pocketful with *Bugsy Malone.* Certainly his idea of doing a 1929 gangster-movie-cum-musical spoof with an all-kiddie cast is novel. Its point, however, is, to say the most, elusive.

Parker wrote the mishmash of gangster-movie clichés and directed the cast of some 200 British and American youngsters whose average age is reportedly twelve. But putting sub-teens and young teens into adult costumes and makeup—and the period sets and styles are certainly lavish and handsome—has its problems: the girls come out looking like women while their partners are only too obviously little boys dressed in daddy's cut-down castoffs, complete with fake mustaches and falsetto voices. To further destroy any illusions, Paul Williams has provided a completely charming score and ten clever songs that have been prerecorded by adults. The on-screen youngsters mouth the lyrics—and the general result is not unlike a sixth-grade performance, say, of *Guys and Dolls* to the accompaniment of the original Broadway-cast recording.

Some of the youngsters are very good, with Jodie Foster, memorable as the young prostitute in *Taxi Driver*, and Florrie Dugger, a newcomer, outstanding as the gang leader's moll and the innocent young thing. John Cassisi, another newcomer, is fine as the gang leader. But why children should be preoccupied by romance, rackets, and gang wars—even though the courting is prophylactic and the guns splurt synthetic whipped cream—escapes me. And certainly young audiences have small notion of the genres that are being spoofed. On the other hand, they just might take it straight, the way youngsters have accepted *Little Mary Sunshine* with no awareness of the operettas that are being satirized. And the adults who go along can find surcease from the cutes in the delightful Williams score. ◉

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Music to My Ears

The Decline and Fall of the Hurok Empire

by Irving Kolodin

Not in living memory has there been so abrupt and total a collapse of a cultural-mercantile empire as the world has witnessed lately under the proud, now-tattered banner that once read S. HUROK PRESENTS. Very little has been altered in the world of music and dance over which he ruled, in serene splendor, on the day of his death, in March, 1974. The sovereign artists who were then his loyal subjects are still first-name peers in their own realms: Arthur and Isaac, Mstislav and Svatislav, Dames Margot and Janet. Only one identity is missing, and that, events have now confirmed, is Sol the indispensable, who shone on all and imparted life-giving heat to this world of talent.

The day itself was a typical, consequently inimitable one, cut from the cloth of his rise from rags to riches: a pleasant lunch with a business associate and a companionable client named Andrés Segovia; a mid-afternoon appointment with David Rockefeller, as a result of which—if his bank was fortunate and farsighted—Chase Manhattan might participate in a community undertaking whose magnitude only its name could grace; and an evening on which a new client (but an old enthusiasm), Maria Callas, would face a sold-out audience at Carnegie Hall, her first professional engagement in New York in nearly a decade. A top-drawer day—Segovia, Rockefeller, Callas—worthy of a top-drawer man.

The end came suddenly, in veritable top-drawer surroundings: the downtown offices of Chase Manhattan, as Hurok awaited his appointed time with David Rockefeller. A sudden shock, a quick collapse, a hasty summons for an emergency ambulance from Beekman-Downtown Hospital. His death was almost Hurok-timed for the evening TV bulletins. In accordance with the business format of which he was an avowed disciple, the show went on: Callas and Di Stefano sang in Carnegie Hall, which three days later was the scene of his own funeral service.

The last day was typically Hurok not only in quality but in character, one of thousands that would have an unending attachment not only to the day that preceded but to the one that would follow. It brought him to the threshold of eighty-six, but it had the same pattern as the days on which he became sixty-six and seventy-six. It can be summarized best in a celebrated anecdote that resulted when a colleague expressed concern that in view of advancing years—seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one—Sol was overextending himself. "After all," he said solicitously, "you can't take it with you." "No fear," Hurok replied, "I'm not going anyplace."

It is against the background of such serene assurance in an unending sequence of tomorrows that the real secret of the decline and fall of the Hurok empire must be projected. He did, as a business-wise man should, take advantage of all the legal latitudes to assure the security of himself and his dependents. This included the prudent precaution in the late Sixties of finding an intermediary to negotiate the sale of his business to a conglomerate. Hurok's was General Electric, which invested a sum of several millions in Hurok Attractions when new vistas of electronic exploitation—video cassettes, cable TV, closed-circuit promotions of one sort or another—seemed to be a wise thing for a colossus with a stake in such matters to do.

For Hurok it was an open-ended extension of tomorrow and tomorrow unto infinity. The final sale price would relate to the amount earned by Hurok Attractions after three years and would be extended, in any case, by a consultancy. So long as it suited his pleasure, Hurok would remain Hurok Attractions. A knowing colleague, Washington manager Patrick Hayes, in a prescient comment on that city's WGMS radio station the Sunday following Hurok's death (March 10, 1974), remarked, "He was a loner, a solo performer himself, and he cherished his independence—he was the corporation, he was the board of directors, he was the chief executive officer. . . ."

The one thing that was not provided for in that corporate structure was the one thing that was inevitable—the day when, no matter whether it included Segovia, David Rockefeller, and Maria Callas, there would no longer be a Sol Hurok. I say "inevitable" because it would be so reckoned by me, by you, by millions of others. But it was not so for a man who believed at eighty-odd that he was "not going anyplace." He elected to live that way as long as a vigorous physique and an unwavering outlook on life made it possible.

To say that Hurok willed the day when his empire would crumble and his Gibraltar-like assets be dispersed is, doubtless, an exaggeration. But it is equally unlikely that he cared very much whether it happened or not, or concerned himself with the consequences, so long as his feelings as a devoted parent and a doting grandparent were at rest in the security he had provided for his family. If an acquaintanceship extending from the Thirties to the Seventies might provide any insight, mine would state that Hurok was persuaded that there was only one

MIRA

S. Hurok receiving Spain's medal—"Sovereign artists were his loyal subjects."

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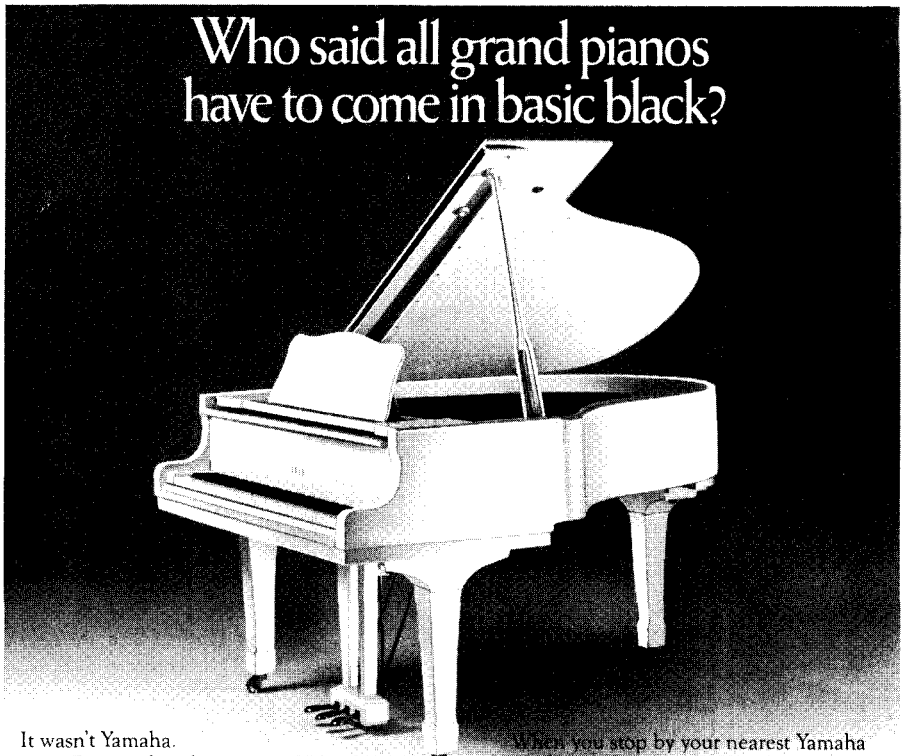
S. Hurok, and the less said about the possibility of others "carrying on" where he left off, the better it suited him.

Had his attitude been otherwise, there was one fleeting moment when he might have determined things differently. That moment arose with the transfer of control to GE. However far in the future, it required, he felt, some show of appreciation on his behalf to his closest associates. Hurok's form of apportionment decreed an equal share of participation for each of three long-term co-workers: Martin Feinstein, George Perper, and Walter Prude. It begged the question of favoring any one of them as legatee or heir apparent.

Two—Perper and Prude—went along with the arrangement. The third—who based his claim to preferential treatment on the notable, Hurok-able creation, from scratch, of the immensely salable Stuttgart Ballet (between 1966 and 1969)—demurred. Martin Feinstein issued his own declaration of independence by accepting an appointment as executive director of performing arts at the John F. Kennedy Center, a position he has filled with increasing distinction since January 1, 1972.

The oddity of the outcome is that as the pillars of empire have toppled, many of the tangible assets (along with some sizable lawsuits) have accrued to a new entity led by Prude and Sheldon Gold. This development leaves fewer than half the previous artists still under contract to the new investors, who acquired the property and the Hurok name from GE a little over a year ago. But the intangibles have tended to gravitate to Feinstein and the Kennedy Center. It was a work of major enterprise and initiative worthy of a Hurok for Feinstein, Roger Stevens, et al., to bring about the historic visit of Milan's La Scala Opera to Washington after it had been officially canceled as a result of Italy's monetary problems last spring. In the offing is the prospect of a visit by the Vienna State Opera in 1978.

These, to be sure, are engagements almost inevitably restricted, by the economics of the ensemble touring, to the Kennedy Center. But, as the dance-wise Feinstein says, "Ballet could be different." Already there is a contract for a Washington visit by the Stuttgart Ballet in spring, 1977. If pursued, this trend could put the Kennedy Center in a position to act as broker, as well as buyer, of talent from abroad. The end could, inadvertently, be something that even Hurok never imagined: the perpetuation of international exchange through a central but non-governmental entity in Washington itself. ◉



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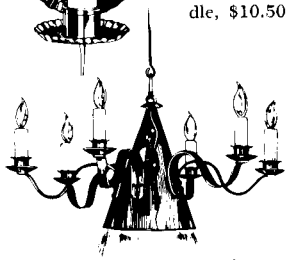

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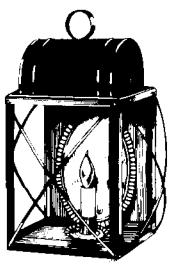

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Television

The Lives of Two Harrys: History as It Might Have Been

by Karl E. Meyer

THE glorious strengths and the squalid weaknesses of television biography will be amply in evidence this month. Exhibit A is "Harry S. Truman: Plain Speaking," a beguiling but self-serving portrait of the late President. It will be seen on most public television stations October 5, from 9 to 10 P.M. Exhibit B is "The Great Houdini," a shoddy little shocker that ABC has scheduled for October 8, from 9 to 11 P.M. In both shows the prestige of biographical truth is exploited for sometimes questionable ends.

I liked "Plain Speaking" and was impressed, among other things, by its modest cost—$170,000. A pittance by network standards, it suggests that big money is not always needed for quality programming. About quality there will, I think, be little dispute. As a monologuist depicting Truman, Ed Flanders is as good as if not better than James Whitmore, star of the widely acclaimed *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*. To my mind, Flanders not only looks more like Truman but also sounds more like him than Whitmore does.

The script, by Carol Sobieski, is based on Merle Miller's best seller *Plain Speaking* (1973), and its lines are as saline and sharp as Truman himself: "One Pentagon is too many"; "Eisenhower got so he wouldn't see anybody but millionaires"; "[Senator John F.] Kennedy had his ears so close to the ground they were full of grasshoppers"; and, apropos of General MacArthur, "That son of a bitch isn't going to resign on me, I want him fired!" Indeed, I await with some curiosity viewer reaction to the expletives heard on this show, which include "ass-kisser," "bullshit," "nigger," and other terms not normally used on our over-polite airwaves.

The language didn't bother me, but some of the content did. In "Plain Speaking," Truman is shown at the age of sixty-eight, reminiscing in Independence, Mo., about great events past. Old men forget. He criticizes the CIA, for example, as an irresponsible center of power, but never once in public did he voice the same doubt. His account of his meeting with General MacArthur at Wake Island is at clear odds with that in his own memoirs, as Merle Miller scrupulously recorded in a footnote in *Plain Speaking*.

There are no footnotes in the television version, and therein lies my objection. Too much of the program is history as it might have been; as a corrective, the show should have been followed by a panel discussion among historians so that viewers would not accept as gospel the Truman version of past events.

Still, this is a quibble, albeit a serious one. It is a revealing fact about commercial television that "Plain Speaking" had its origin in a real-life series about Truman that David Susskind planned to produce in 1961. But the former President was then too "controversial," and the networks wouldn't touch it. Miller was the interviewer. The experience ultimately yielded his book and now this delightful pastiche, produced, aptly enough, by David Susskind and Daniel Petrie.

As an aside, I cannot help but reflect on how many other similar opportunities have been lost to preserve via television the monologues of authentically great Americans. To mention a few: Dean Acheson, Hugo Black, Edmund Wilson, Robert Oppenheimer, Ernest Hemingway, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Dorothy Parker.

Ed Flanders as Harry Truman—"One Pentagon is too many."

THERE ARE objections of a wholly different kind to "The Great Houdini," a bit of trash written and directed by Melville Shavelson, which features, haplessly, Paul Michael Glaser in the title role. It is shameful that the greatest magician of modern times should be celebrated in a biographical drama employing illusionist fantasies as deceptive as anything used by Houdini himself.

One might forgive the mawkish story line, part *Abie's Irish Rose* and part vulgarized Freud—Houdini, born Ehrich Weiss and the son of a rabbi, married a Catholic girl and had a problem with his Jewish mother. One also might overlook the flaccid dialogue, churned out by hacks ("I've done all I can for you, but I can't fight a ghost"; "I shouldn't have left when she was so sick"; and "Believe in miracles —what else is there?"). What cannot be forgiven is the downright falsification of the historical record. After previewing the show, I consulted the standard biographies of Houdini, and it would take me two pages to list the outrages perpetrated in the name of dramatic truth. A single example must suffice. After Harry Houdini's death, in 1926, the *New York Graphic* reported, sensationally, that the magician had communicated with his widow in a séance, giving her a secret message.

The *Graphic* was as notorious in its day as the *National Enquirer* is in ours; even so, the *Graphic* reporter later recanted the story, and Houdini's widow thereafter denied that any such communication had taken place. Since the magician had crusaded against the unsubstantiated claims of spiritualism, the matter is of some importance. The television program, however, leaves the viewer with the impression that Houdini had achieved the greatest of all feats—escape from the tomb.

Credit (or blame) for this school of television biography lies with Ken Russell, the English perpetrator of comparable fictions about such vivid personages as Isadora Duncan. Russell's kind of biography has the same relationship to truth as Erich von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods?* has to the science of archaeology. It is a disgrace that ABC soberly presents such junk to gullible viewers—especially since ABC, in a more serious guise, has also given us "Eleanor and Franklin," produced by the same team responsible for the excellent "Plain Speaking." ◉

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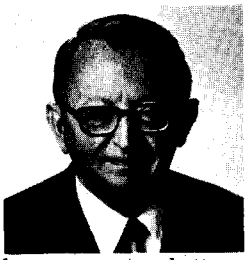

Dr. Russell G. Stauffer, originator and research director of this program, has been Editor of the International Reading Association Journal, is Professor of Education University of Delaware.

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Dance

Ballet Masterpieces in Jeopardy

by Walter Terry

Varna, Bulgaria

QUIETLY, behind the scenes of the suspenseful and enormously exciting Eighth International Ballet Competition, dance history was being made or, rather, restored. The eyes of hundreds of balletomanes were riveted upon more than 100 young dancers from among whom would come international stars of tomorrow. (See "Varna Spawns a Winner," *SR*, September 18, 1976.) But the ears of dance scholars were hearkening to the words of pedagogues, critics, and theoreticians from many countries, assembled for a working session of the International Dance Section (of the musical theater committee) of the International Theater Institute–UNESCO. What they discussed and voted on in Varna will affect classical ballet instruction around the world.

The bastardization of many of the major ballet classics, masterpieces of great choreographers of the nineteenth century, was the special concern of this session of the IDS of UNESCO. The problem is, of course, worldwide, but its horrors strike the viewer with shocking impact at Varna because of the very nature of the ballet competition. Here is what happens. Contestants are required to dance approved selections from certain of the great classical ballets. This is only fair, since these works are common (in whole or in part) to most ballet repertories and therefore, in theory, provide contestants from all countries equal opportunities and challenges in standard tests of technical skill, apt style, and individual interpretation.

The trouble is that the right to interpretation has been extended wrongly, tastelessly, and flagrantly into choreographic alterations and distortions by the dancers or their ballet masters or hack reworkers of traditional ballets who think they can improve upon the art of, say, Russia's Marius Petipa or Denmark's August Bournonville. At this year's competition, members of UNESCO's IDS working committee and we, the panel of international jurors, witnessed so many versions of the *grand pas de deux* from Petipa's *Don Quixote* or from his *The Sleeping Beauty* (or upon the great Act III *pas de deux* of *Swan Lake*) that our heads were in a spin. Steps were changed, whole passages altered, solos from other scenes in-

Courtesy Dance Collection, New York Public Library

August Bournonville, Denmark's master choreographer of the 1800s, and Russia's Marius Petipa (caricatured by Nicholas Legat), of Swan Lake *and* Sleeping Beauty *renown—"To preserve the great ballet choreographies of the classical age before they are destroyed."*

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serted. It was aesthetically shocking and, for contestants who followed traditional forms, unfair.

No one would object to certain embroideries. In opera a coloratura soprano is permitted cadenza freedoms in her arias. If the ballerina can accomplish double turns in the *fouetté* sequence of the "Black Swan" duet in *Swan Lake*, fine, but we would not wish to see her do a vaudeville rollover into a split! Yet many of the contestants at Varna were replacing the correct sequence of movements with virtuosic tricks or with steps that they (or their coaches) felt were better than those Petipa or Perrot or Saint-Leon had choreographed a century ago.

But these happenings in Varna merely reflect a worldwide trend. The International Dance Section of UNESCO, through its committee at Varna, chaired by the Bolshoi Ballet's Yuri Grigorovitch and by America's Robert Joffrey, has determined to take immediate action to preserve the great ballet choreographies of the classical age before they are destroyed. How to bring this about? For the next international ballet competition at Varna, to be held in 1978, all contestants from all competing nations will be required to perform only the standard versions of such classics as *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, *Coppélia*, *La Fille mal gardée*, *La Bayadère*, *Le Corsaire*, *The Nutcracker*, *Esmeralda*, *Don Quixote*, *La Sylphide*, *Flower Festival in Genzano*, and the like.

To prepare contestants for the 1978 competition, the IDS has announced a 1977 International Ballet Training Seminar to be held in Varna. For this first seminar, there will be participants from thirty countries, one teacher and one student from each country selected by that nation's ministry of culture or, for those countries without such ministries, by the directors of the royal or state theaters or by a UNESCO committee.

One may ask who will determine just what is to be the correct (or standard) version of a *variation*, *pas de deux*, or other excerpt from the ballet classics. The IDS committee selected Denmark's foremost Bournonville expert, Kirsten Ralov, to provide the correct, untampered-with Bournonville materials. The Soviet Union's Pyotr Gusev, a longtime Petipa specialist, will supervise the Russian masterpieces from his own knowledge, supplemented by the existing choreographic scores recorded in Stepanoff notation, the dance script used during Petipa's lifetime.

To assure the permanence of these standard approved versions as close to the original choreographies as possible, the training seminar's authentic versions of key dances from ten or twelve classics will be videotaped. The correct musical scores will be made available to the representatives of each ballet academy from the thirty countries represented. It is to be hoped that the Soviet dance authorities, understandably jealous of their position as heirs to Petipa, will not let national pride prevent their consulting with British ballet scholars who have long had access to Stepanoff scores of twenty-one Petipa ballets brought to England from Russia in 1918 by Nicholas Sergueff, who had notated them (and annotated them) himself. (The scores are now in the Harvard University Library, but England has many of the dancers and teachers whom Sergueff himself taught.)

Robert Joffrey, a contemporary choreographer and one who fosters choreographic innovation, is an enthusiastic supporter of the aims of this training seminar. Not only does he wish to establish firmly "common ground" for all future contestants at Varna but he feels strongly that versions "as close as possible to the Petipa and Bournonville originals constitute the rightful heritage of all dancers." He agrees, along with other ballet experts, that new stagings of old classics by contemporary masters of ballet are acceptable and often desirable. Sir Frederick Ashton's wholly new choreography for the fourth act of *Swan Lake* in a Royal Ballet production was universally admired. But what Grigorovitch (who has also done new versions of the classics with great success), Joffrey, and others desire is that the originals be preserved and that alterations done from time to time to suit changing tastes or theatrical conditions be done from the originals and not from versions of versions of versions, some of which very probably include the crudities of inferior choreographers en route.

It is delightful to see Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* musicalized (as in *Kiss Me, Kate!*) or balleticized (as in the late John Cranko's hilarious ballet for the Stuttgart Ballet), but would we want to lose the original? The popular-record buying public of thirty years ago relished a recording by Marie Green and her Merry Men as they did a swing job on the aria "*Sempre libera*" featuring not only a soprano but males singing, "Zum, zum, zum," and capping a cadenza with an "oh, yeah?" but one would not have it supplant Verdi's *La Traviata* original. Exactly the same aesthetic (and historic) principles apply to past ballet masterworks.

Thus, if the whole world of dance takes note of the gold and silver and bronze medalists of this year's international ballet competition at Varna and if American ballet directors and managers start to scramble for contracts with potential dancing stars, the little group of pedagogues, critics, and theoreticians, quite unsung in the headlines, will have made decisions that could not only affect dancers but also influence the standards and taste of millions of ballet-goers around the world in years to come. ◉

"A put-on."

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Nothin' Could Be Finer Than to Be in . . . etc. . . .

by Horace Sutton

ALONG with many of its hallowed traditions, the South has changed its taste in resorts. Gone is the formality of the white columns and porticoes that were the mark of such places as the Greenbrier when it was known as The Old White and entertained General Lee, and Virginia Hot Springs. For one thing those resorts grew out of natural thermal springs where, as far back as Colonial times, the gentry came to lave their joints and natter with the clients from other climes.

Two hundred years later, we have evolved as a more active society, chasing tennis and golf balls, swimming in pools, skin- and scuba-diving in the sea. The venerable resorts that have survived the times—Greenbrier and Hot Springs among them (see *SR*, September 4, 1976)—have adapted to the vogue. But the new resorts have evolved a pattern that is as far from colonnades and curtsies as carriages are from Concordes.

The textbook example is Hilton Head Island, a barrier island off South Carolina, not far from Savannah, which until deep in the 1950s was a mass of alligators, snakes, live oak, and cabbage palms, hot as the Sahara in the summer and frosty, though scarcely iced over, in winter.

Harbour Town—"complete with a striped lighthouse that overlooks the marina but doesn't really light the way to anywhere."

H.S.

In a scant twenty years the island, give or take a hectare, about the size of Manhattan, has become a collection of developments, a nesting place for hundreds of refugees from other places who built or bought villas and live in them permanently or rent them out to trippers. The pioneer developer was Charles Fraser, who started with a tract of 5,000 acres, most of it purchased from his family's holdings. He created a province on the west end of the island laced with country roads, bicycle paths, and main arteries, spaced with shopping centers, dotted with restaurants, and liberally provisioned with tennis courts, golf courses, and pools. The ocean and beach were already there.

To set it off and make it a community, Fraser created a trim little village called Harbour Town, complete with a Continental *u* in "harbour" and a striped lighthouse that overlooks the marina but doesn't really light the way to anywhere. There were governing touches—the street signs are hung on oars; fireplugs, mailboxes, and alligators (still resident) are green. The police force wears white, as in summer in Rome. The Plantation Club, the *ne plus ultra* of the high life in Sea Pines, lays on an ambitious menu, serves country-club cuisine that has Bocusian pretensions, and otherwise regales the conferees with boom-chick music that might have been recorded at the Stork Club in the Fifties.

No matter. The formula had a certain magic in the beginning, for there are now 950 villas at Sea Pines Plantation that are privately owned, rated by the management, and rented by them. That makes Sea Pines Plantation a huge horizontal hotel that is sort of entangled with a community. It also makes it—with 2,400 bedrooms—the largest hotel in the nation.

It doesn't make Fraser a man without fiscal problems. The formula that he evolved was so widely copied and acclaimed that he was inspired to expand to other locales, a move that directed him, ultimately, into the swampland of overextension. Palmas del Mar, his vast Puerto Rican venture (*SR*, May 1, 1976), is in the hands of the banks. The Kuwaitis, of all improbable people, who bought the South Carolina resort called Kiawah, are locked in a legal tangle with Fraser over the management contract that he holds. And things are not exactly in a state of fiscal nirvana at Sea Pines itself.

None of this ferment shows. At the Plantation Club the boom-chick continues to boom or chick, whichever, and the air is gentle under the $28,000 lighthouse at

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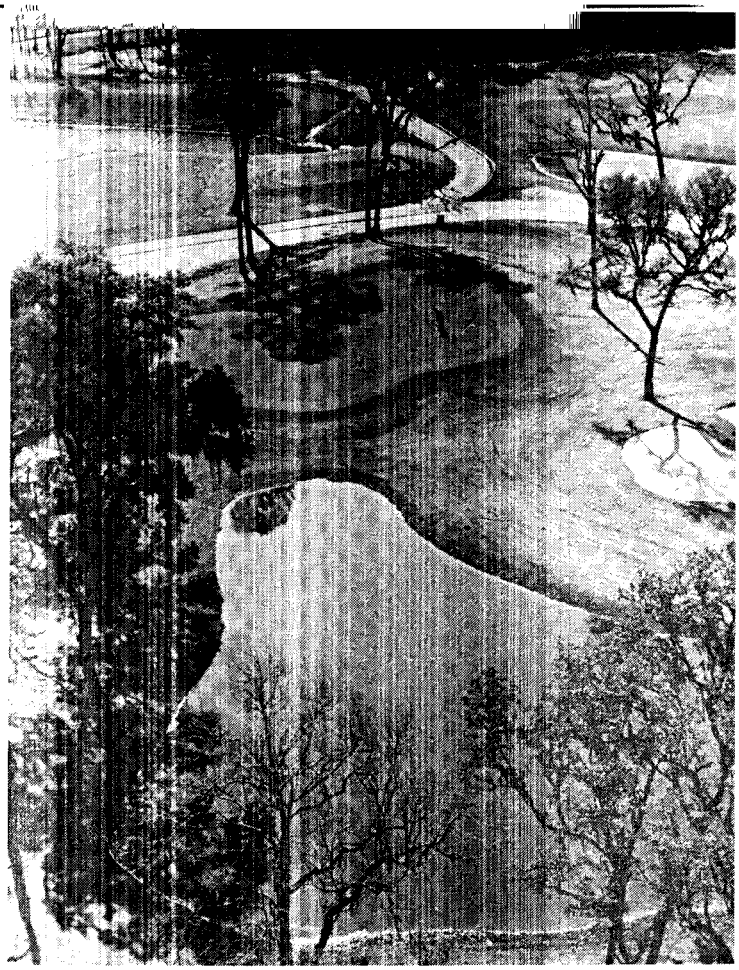
The port—Ice-cream cones and contemplation.



Fazio's playland—"Skull and Bones at Yale."

Harbour Town. There the trippers and the villa owners mix and mingle and sit in white rockers under the shade trees licking ice-cream cones and contemplating the yachts pulled up stern first, as at St. Tropez, to the $7.5-million marina. The *Fifty-Fifty* is in from Charleston and so is *Venture V,* down from Cincinnati. As stops go on the inland waterway, Harbour Town is considered handsome. A sign sets the tone. It reads WALK YOUR BIKE, PLEASE.

Beached yachtsmen, homeowners, and packaged-tour buyers who eat with their hats on are in joint assembly at the nondescript Calibogue Café, named for the sound that separates the island from the mainland. Or they are at Signe's working their way through the lettuce, watercress, turkey and mushrooms on seven-grain bread. If not there, they are at C.Q.'s, which is said to resemble a singles parlor in Manhattan, although here the fare is likely to be crab claws, quiche, or eggs Florentine served under a paisley-paved ceiling in a welter of Tiffany glass.

In the beginning the action caromed between these places, and the players were the homeowners who decided that Hilton Head, or, more specifically, Sea Pines Plantation, not only provided a proper bivouac for like-minded people but was at the same time an investment. Homes, when not in use, could be rented. But now the renters have descended, and they are often a different breed, enticed by packaged tours and convenient rates for a pad in which to park the whole family.

By Sea Pines standards, it is a new element, or so some of the villa owners say. Nowhere is the new element in plainer evidence than at Palmetto Dunes, a handsome development in its own right that blankets some 2,000 acres of the island, making it half the size, territorially, of Sea Pines. Palmetto Dunes has put up a giant hotel, which is managed by Hyatt. That imprimatur means that there will be a certain standard of service and that there will be such staples of Hyatt management as an edition of Hugo's, the chain's name restaurant, which guarantees acceptable fare in the dining room. As with all Hugo's, the customer is invited to use a frozen-custard machine that spills great globs of vanilla ice cream, which can be garnished with an assortment of sweetmeats.

The high-rise Hyatt, built at the edge of the sea, has been equipped with a large-sized pool, attended at lunchtime by a glassed-in hot box that serves hot dogs and hamburgers. There is a charge for leasing a chaise on which to recline on the flat sand and gaze off at the beach and the sea, so shallow one could walk halfway to Cádiz before getting one's chest wet.

Hyatt is ideal for conventions, a situation of which its management is not exactly unaware. Trouble is, some of the conventioneers arrive in campers and keep house in the parking lot, performing their ablutions heavens knows where and invading the premises only for meetings and to bring the family in for a go at the frozen-custard machine.

On the other hand, for those who prefer not to contract for the rental of a villa and all that such an arrangement means—breakfasts and probably lunches, too, done on one's own—the hotel is both handy and reliable. The Laver-Emerson tennis complex is in walking distance, and it is, I assure you, a first-class arrangement with clinics, mini-clinics, and private-lesson pros on hand at all hours and all seasons at prices that are modest enough. The masters themselves are in residence part of the year, especially Laver, who lives in a lagoonside villa on the property. When he is off banging the ball for big bucks on other real estate, his villa is available for rental by ordinary mortals.

Of the seventeen miles of beach that girt Hilton Head, three miles on the Atlantic

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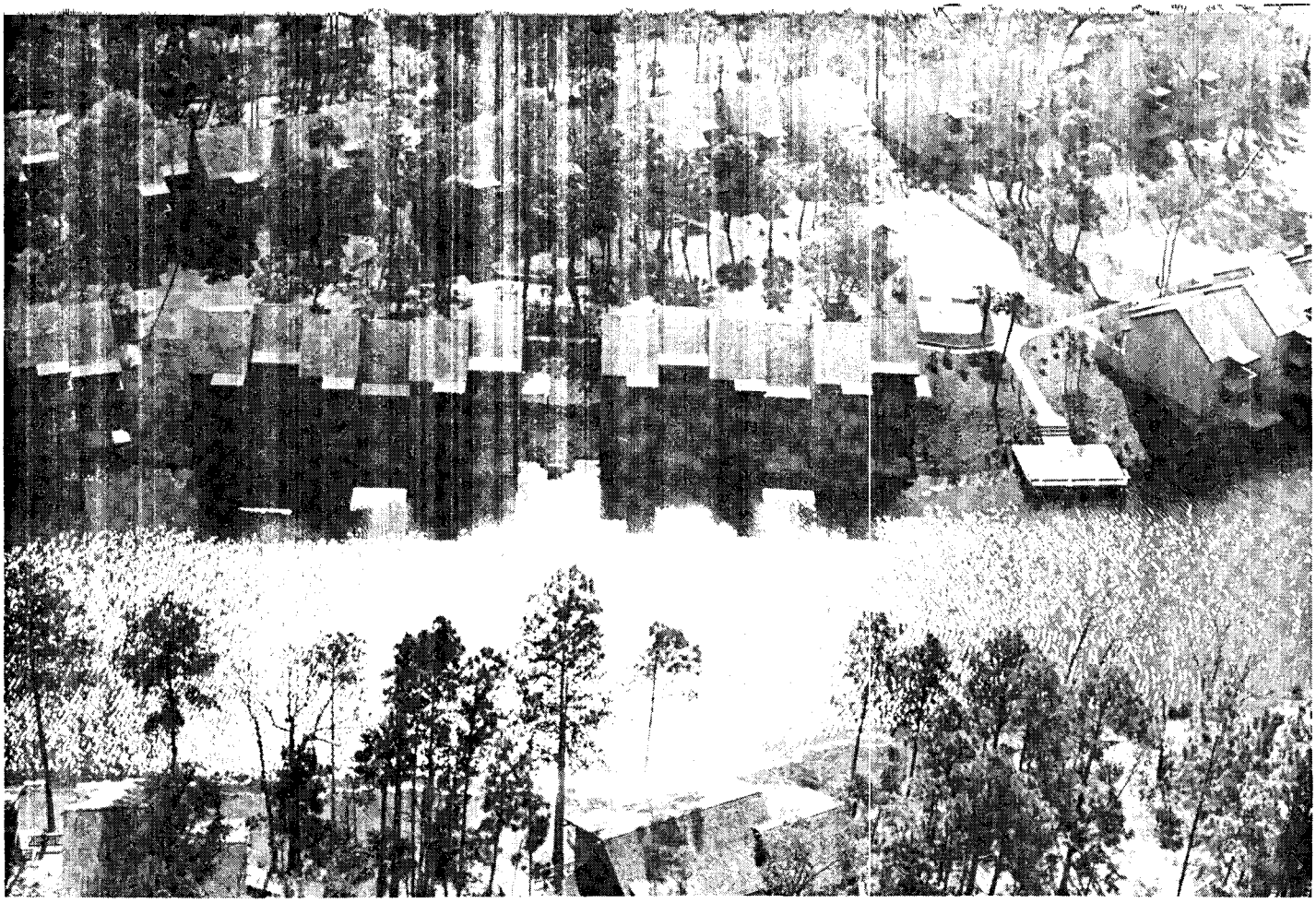

Ra. Arraway

Palmetto Dunes—"it is possible to dock at the back door and fish from a bedroom."

are within the property lines of Palmetto Dunes. Seventeen condominiums face the sea, but others, just as attractive to my mind, are on man-made lagoons. The decks of lagoonside villas hang over the water, and it is perfectly possible to dock one's small boat at the back door or, indeed, fish from a bedroom, should that be some idler's pleasure. There are ten pools, not counting the great bay at the Hyatt, on the Palmetto spread, and of course some of the villas—Laver's is one—have their own private swimming holes.

In the off-season, which is to say, from November until February 28, a two-bedroom, one-bath shelter may be engaged for $190 a week. It may be a little chilly for a swim, since the pools are for some reason not heated. However, the fish aren't distressed at the turn of the weather, and the angling from bridges or from canoes for flounder or channel bass, called spottail bass here, is sporting enough to attract a dedicated coterie. Fish Creek Landing, a tidy little corner that has just opened by the edge of a stream, provides tackle and bait, canoes, and, for those who would prefer to venture overland, rental bikes.

Robert Trent Jones, the ubiquitous designer, was the architect of Palmetto's first golf course, but the second course, by George Fazio, has been chosen as one of the top 100 courses in the land by *Golf Digest*, which is something akin to being tapped by Skull and Bones at Yale, or so I gather from club swingers of my acquaintance.

Schnickelfritz's Deli is opening with the fall to provision those folks in residence at Palmetto, but the whole island is alive with restaurants of one sort or another, ranging from the redoubtable Hugo's (duckling with green peppercorns on twenty-four-hour notice, $22 for two) to Hudson's, the best of the dockside restaurants. The shrimp boats, which parade in front of the bathers at the Hyatt each morning, pull in here with their catch. Shrimp broiled, boiled, or done exquisitely, tempura style, come to Hudson's table, but then so do oysters, crabs, scallops, flounder, and other fish.

I especially admired Treasure Cove, handy to the Sea Crest Motel, on the Atlantic. The venue may not appear promising, being too orderly to be as agreeably raffish as Hudson's or not posh enough to be as promising as the Plantation Club. Belay that. Operated faultlessly by Teutons, who also have a quaint den in Savannah, Treasure Cove does a first-class performance with poached flounder "Marguerite," which is to say, with shrimps, mushrooms, and white wine; or broiled flounder stuffed with crabmeat. This is low country, and low-country crabmeat sautéed with celery, shallots, and bacon at Treasure Cove makes more sense than high-minded attempts at the cuisines of Northern Italy or the temples of Gaul.

Hilton Head is reachable by air from Atlanta or from Savannah. Amtrak, which has no service to Atlanta, provides handsome north-south train service to Savannah. For those who drive, Hilton Head is linked to the rest of mainland America by a bridge. At the South Carolina border there is a rash of fireworks stands, those destroyers of limb being legally available in the state, though not in Georgia. If you can get past the fireworks stands without being importuned by pyromaniacal half-pints, then the next obstacle is Bluffton, a crossroads largely celebrated for a sheriff who awaits the unwary driver. Those caught in his speed trap are given a pair of options—cash on the barrelhead or a night in the slammer. It isn't exactly what we have been taught to think of as Southern hospitality. If you can get past those impediments, a happier high life awaits in the low country once you've made it to the island. ◉

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World Progress Report

Going Dutch

The oil embargo and the "energy crisis" fade quickly in the public memory like bad dreams; dependence on imported petroleum increases daily; the hard choices of a national energy policy go unmade, even unmentioned. Meanwhile, two government agencies are tilting at windmills.

The windmill in question is a 150-foot-tall model with two 100-foot fiberglass blades that look like airplane propellers. It is to be built, at a site still to be selected, by the federal Energy Research and Development Administration for experimental use by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which is as interested in earth as it is in heaven.

Rotating at rates exceeding forty revolutions per minute in winds exceeding eighteen miles per hour, the unlikely-looking $7-million contraption is expected to generate 1,500 kilowatts of electricity, enough to supply the needs of about 500 homes. According to a NASA spokesman, a nationwide system of such wind turbines, operating at maximum efficiency and usage, could supply 5 to 10 percent of the nation's total energy needs.

The design of the new machine will be based on the results of experiments begun last fall on a 100-kilowatt model built by NASA at its Sandusky, Ohio, research facility. The only windmill comparable in scale to the planned new one is a 1,250-kilowatt design privately built thirty years ago in Rutland, Vt. The structural problems that plagued that system have presumably been solved by now; so, certainly, has the trouble the early windmill had competing against cheap oil and coal.

High-Level Advice

This summer, the White House took steps to restore the tradition of expert, objective advice to the executive branch of government on questions of science and technology. Such official counsel for the President and other high-level policy makers has been lacking since President Nixon dismantled the existing science-advisory apparatus in 1973. Ever since, many experts and other concerned observers have complained that the highest reaches of government have been uninformed and aimless in identifying and responding to science and technology issues while long-standing U.S. primacy in these areas has been threatened, if not lost.

To remedy the situation, the National Science and Technology Policy, Organization and Priorities Act of 1976, passed by Congress last May, creates four new agencies in the executive branch. The most strategic is the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy, which will provide either its director or a high-level committee to serve as principal science adviser to the President. The director will also serve as a member of the President's Domestic Council, working on matters of internal policy; and as an occasional adviser to the National Security Council, dealing with foreign affairs.

The Office of Science and Technology Policy will have a major voice in decisions on federal funding for research and development and will prepare an annual "State of Science and Technology" report for the President to present to Congress. Annual five-year forecasts by the group will "identify and describe situations and conditions that warrant attention," including "current and emerging problems of national significance"; and "opportunities for, and constraints on, the use of new and existing scientific and technological capabilities."

Another group, the President's Committee on Science and Technology, made up of from eight to fourteen prominent specialists from a wide range of disciplines, has been created under the new legislation to undertake a thorough review of the nation's posture and policies. The committee will report to the President, after two years, on questions of organizational reform, information handling, and assessment and will make suggestions for government initiatives to foster renewed innovation.

Two other standing groups will coordinate research and development programs that involve more than one agency of government and will "identify and define civilian problems at state, regional and local levels which science, engineering and technology may assist in resolving or ameliorating."

The new science and technology establishment for the executive branch was designed in three years of debate, studies, proposals, and hearings, involving the Congress, the National Academy of Science, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and other interested groups. In July, President Ford, taking the first step toward activating the new governmental machinery, nominated Dr. H. Guyford Stever, head of the National Science Foundation, to be director of the Office of Science and Technology Policy. His appointment was overwhelmingly confirmed by the Senate last August.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

"I see many surveyors and bulldozers, and I see another move for you."

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Diversions

The Tantalizing Talmud

by Leo Rosten

An earnest sophomore in a New England academy for young ladies writes me:

> Exactly what *is* the Talmud? Is it like the Bible, or just the Old Testament? From our school library, I only can tell that it is based on them, but is a collection of essays and debates, the basis of the Jews' religious and civil law. What I've been able to dig up only confuses me *dizzy*, on account of the language being so technical and the whole idea so foreign to my religious background. . . . But it must be *fascinating*!

Yes, Virginia, the Talmud *is* fascinating.

The Talmud is not the Bible. It is not the Old Testament. It is not *a* book. The Talmud is the transcript of a symposium on religion, law, philosophy, and ethics that lasted (with changing scholars and authorities) about 1,200 years: from the fifth century before the Christian era to the eighth century after. (Some experts say 700 to 800 years.)

The Talmud contains sixty-three *massekheth* (little books) that record this 1,200-year seminar of oral analysis, debates, commentaries, and commentaries *upon* commentaries of the Torah (the first five books of the Old Testament, or the books of Moses). More than 2,000 scholar-rabbi-philosophers devoted their lives to interpreting the Law of Torah in the light of the new and peculiar problems Jews were forced to confront in their endless journeyings (which were not of their choosing).* The discussions range from astronomy to dreams to urination, from the structure of the cosmos to the planting of Egyptian beans, from God's purposes to man's tragedies ("A man who crosses a river behind a woman will be excluded from the world-to-come"—because she will lift her skirts and he will be struck by unchaste thoughts). The Talmud ranges from religion to metaphysics, history, medicine, epistemology, pedagogy, hygiene. It revolves around the enduring questions about the human condition: the nature of God, the purpose of life, the meaning of truth, the mystery of death, the duties of man, the hopes of a hereafter, the forms of punishment for evil and rewards for virtue.

The Talmud is a work of enmazed subtleties, great feats of intellectual skill, and casuistries that exasperate many a modern mentality. One is tempted to scorn the dialectical acrobatics and hairsplittings; but one should remember that the rabbis were steeped in archaic modalities and a medievalism not unique to them. (Consider the Scholastic energy spent in trying to estimate how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.)

The Talmud is, in a sense, the university in which, for centuries, Jews were trained. It is a sprawling (2.5 million words) and heterogeneous storehouse of scintillating logic, brilliant maxims, profound moralisms, charming advice, haunting proverbs, delicious digressions, enchanting parables, and quaint superstitions. Insights worthy of Freud flash past *post hocs* peculiar to demonology. Visions of glory vie with crotchets of teleology. Passages that would do justice to Aristotle embroider hallucinations that would titillate Nostradamus.

The Talmud is *not* a legal code, though it bursts with cases, arguments, judicial/ecclesiastical decisions. It is not a history, though it is crammed with invaluable information about the ancients. It is not a treatise on philosophy, though it is a philosopher's treasure—and nightmare. It is not a book of ethics, though it is unique in the subtlety, richness, and range of its analyses of moral problems. It is not a text in anthropology, though it contains invaluable data on folklore, customs, mores.

The Talmud is—the Talmud. ◉

© 1976 by Leo Rosten

*Actually, there are two Talmuds: the Palestinian and the Babylonian. The *Talmud Yerushalmi* was compiled around the fifth century, the *Talmud Babli* (Babylonian) about a century later. When we speak of the Talmud today, we generally refer to the Babylonian Talmud. It has had a much greater influence on Jewish law and life. The Jerusalem Talmud, shorter and incomplete, was not preserved *in toto*. An English translation of the Babylonian Talmud has been published in thirty-five volumes by the Soncino Press, London, and in twelve volumes (which do not include all the commentaries) by KTAV Publishers, New York.

"Which do you prefer, a dragon or two butterflies? I'm getting a tattoo."

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

Telling It Like It Was

by Cleveland Amory

YOUNG people nowadays apparently intend to go through life using only five expressions. These five expressions are —in no particular order—"Right on," "With it," "Far out," "Get it all together," and "Let it all hang out."

We have, on occasion, been moved to ask young persons of our acquaintance what they mean by these expressions. Their answers, translated into English, would seem to indicate that "Right on" means "With it," "With it" means "Far out," "Far out" means "Get it all together," and "Get it all together" means "Let it all hang out."

In the interest, therefore, of clarity *we* shall define these expressions. "Right on" means "I used to think you were wrong, sir, but I now realize how right you have always been." "With it" means "I used to be against the system, but I now realize your generation, has, in the fullness of its wisdom, given me the best of all possible worlds." "Far out" means "I now fully understand that if I go too far I will simply be disinherited and cut out of the will."

"Get it all together," on the other hand, is a more general expression. It is used by young persons who have messy rooms —a relatively small number, of course— and who, faced with a formal dinner party, are obviously looking for matching sets of kerchiefs, cravats, spats, etc. Finally, we come to "Let it all hang out." This is an easy one. It's obviously the young people's special cleaning day—you know, when they do their laundry and have a happy-little-wash-day day.

Headline of the Month—as found by Florence Kramer, of Indianapolis, in the Bloomington-Bedford *Sunday Herald*:

10 DEDUCTED INTO
MONROE HALL OF FAME

Sounds to us like one more loophole.

Hands-Across-the-Sea Dept.—as located by Charles Fleming, of Hinsdale, Ill., in the Chicago *Daily News*:

The outbursts came during a question-and-answer period after Kissinger spoke on American policy toward Africa.

In the 50-minute speech which was given subdued applause, he promised that thundering boos, hisses and "serious consideration" would be given to arms requests from friendly nations such as Kenya and Zaire.

Maybe they first ought to de-escalate the meeting.

Posthaste Dept.—as hurried in by E. J. Kay, of Springfield, Mass., who spotted it in the Springfield *Republican*:

The Postal Reorganization Act of 1971 created an independent postal service with the twin goals of providing good mail service while breaking even financially.

Something went wrong. Deficits have grown each year since the reorganization. The speed of delivery for a typical letter is faster than in 1071 but still cannot match the performance of the old Post Office department.

Yes, but the pace of life was slower then.

Action-Line News—as speared by Mildred Schaefer, of Seattle, in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*:

LAST YEAR they didn't send me my shoes, just like they didn't send me my shoes this year.

They took my money and they didn't send me nothing. What should I do now?

ACTION: (a) Tell us more. (b) Next time sign your name. (c) Don't order shoes next year.

(d) And whatever else you're thinking of doing, don't do that, either.

On the Ballot—as read by C. S. Shoup, of Oak Ridge, Tenn., on the sales-tax referendum for Anderson County, Tenn., general elections:

SALES TAX REFERENDUM

Shall a resolution passed by the Quarterly County Court of Anderson County on June 21, 1976, and published in Clinton Courier News, a newspaper of general circulation in Anderson County, which levied a tax on the same privileges subject to the Retailers' Sales Tax under Chapter 30, Title 67, Tennessee Code Annotated, as the same may be amended, which are exercised within Anderson County, to be levied and collected as provided in said Act and at the rate of two-ninths of the rates levied in the Retailers' Sales Tax Act, Chapter 30, Title 67, TCA, as amended, so long as the general state rate continues at 4.5 per cent, and at one-third of the state rates if and when the general state rate is reduced to 3 per cent; except the rate on farm and industrial machinery shall be one third of 1% which provided that the tax shall not exceed $5.00 on any single article of personal property, and excepted from the tax electric power or energy, natural or artificial gas, coal and fuel oil; and which provided for collection by the Department of Revenue of the State of Tennessee, become operative?

Frankly, we wouldn't touch it until they break it into two sentences. ◉

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Light Refractions

The Noun Explosion and How It Kills the Language

by Thomas H. Middleton

I've mentioned *Verbatim*, subtitled *The Language Quarterly*, before. Its subscription price has gone up to $4 a year, but it's still an excellent buy if one has more than the most casual interest in language. (The address is Essex, Conn.)

I mention *Verbatim* because in the February, 1976, issue there was an article by Bruce D. Price, aptly called "Noun Overuse Phenomenon Article." Price discusses what both he and I consider to be one of the most distressing afflictions our language is suffering from these days. He calls it "Nounspeak." "Have you noticed a new 'clunk-clunk' sound in the English language? Phrases such as 'patient starter package' for *sample*? 'Drug dosage forms' for *pills*?" he asks.

Yes. In fact, at this moment I'm sitting in our local library and looking at a sign that has made my mind wander from time to time for several years. It says PERIODICAL ROOM ELEVATOR ENTRANCE. If the sign said ELEVATOR TO THE PERIODICAL ROOM or just ELEVATOR TO PERIODICALS, my time in the library would have been spent much more efficiently, I think.

I've never opened the door next to the sign, nor have I ever seen anyone else open it, for there is a suitable flight of stairs leading to the periodical room. But I've wasted a certain amount of time over the years in imagining that on the other side of that door there is a complicated machine that elevates this room periodically. I think a lot of us are given to these undisciplined, pointless meanderings.

Anyway, that's the effect those particular four nouns in a row have on me.

Price's "noun overuse phenomenon" is blighting the language mercilessly these days. He says, "The English lexicon . . . has traditionally accepted nouns in pairs with no hesitation. Examples are *book store, love affair, deer crossing*, and *state university*. Three nouns in a row used to be the outer limit and is a rare find in English prose before 1950. Now we daily encounter excrescences like 'growth trend pattern' and 'consumer price inflation' and even . . . 'U.S. Air Force aircraft fuel systems equipment mechanics course.' "

The sciences, too, employ more than their fair share of Nounspeak. As Price points out, "Most of all the 'soft sciences,' such as psychology, education, sociology and anthropology, love Nounspeak. A prize of some sardonic sort ought to be presented to the behaviorist quoted in *Science Digest* who concocted *place for goods purchase*. It takes a minute to realize he's thinking about 'stores.' "

In the May issue of *Verbatim* there's a letter from Robert L. Bates, of Columbus, Ohio, in strong support of Price. In a slick display of one-upmanship, he out-Nounspeaks Price. Admitting that "U.S. Air Force aircraft fuel systems equipment mechanics course" is a fair specimen, he tells us that "General Electric has issued an *earth resources technology satellite data collection platform field installation, operation and maintenance manual*, and the University of Michigan has produced a *shore erosion engineering demonstration project post-construction season progress interim report*."

Changing pace only slightly, Bates tells us of his own personal interest: an expression that consists of "an adjective followed by two nouns. This construction, which is innocent of hyphens, I term the Lulu. It is especially poignant in the names of occupations. Thus we see want-ads for a *vibrating equipment manager*, a *buried pipeline designer*, and a *destructive lab technician*. When a dangerous de-fusing job is to be done, we call on an *unexploded bomb expert*. There is a girl in the business office of a midwestern University whose official title is *Dishonored Check Collector*."

Because it is Bates who capitalized "University," and because he writes from Columbus, I'm making the fairly safe bet that the young lady who has lost her honor is collecting those checks for Ohio State.

Now, for those of us who abhor the proliferation of Nounspeak, and I assume we are many, here's some absolutely rotten news. I heard from Joseph M. Williams, of the Department of English of the University of Chicago. He and Rosemary Hake, professor of English at Chicago State University, have been conducting experiments on the "noun overuse phenomenon," which he, in professorial style, refers to as "nominalization."

He tells me that one of the reasons that nominalization, which he, too, deplores, is on the rise is that, according to his research, teachers of English and teachers of teachers of English, although they claim to admire and to teach writing that is clear and straightforward, actually respond more favorably to heavy doses of Nounspeak (though he doesn't use that term).

That's the rotten news. There's hope for us, though. The body of anti-Nounspeak literature is growing. Jacques Barzun refers to the "noun plague." Nounspeak, nominalization, the noun plague—whatever you call it—is under attack, and I think that this is an area in which those of us who care can really make a difference in the direction our language will take.

The next "Light Refractions" will have more on the subject. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 107

Doris Schwerin:
(Diary of a) Pigeon Watcher

Most "artists" I know who live in the city wake up sluggish and angry. It takes a pot of coffee, *The New York Times*, much ruminating and shuffling about and a few aggressive phone calls to agents or friends to get the juices going.

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 68* (see page 35): By Nature's kindly disposition most questions which it is beyond a man's power to answer do not occur to him at all.—Santayana

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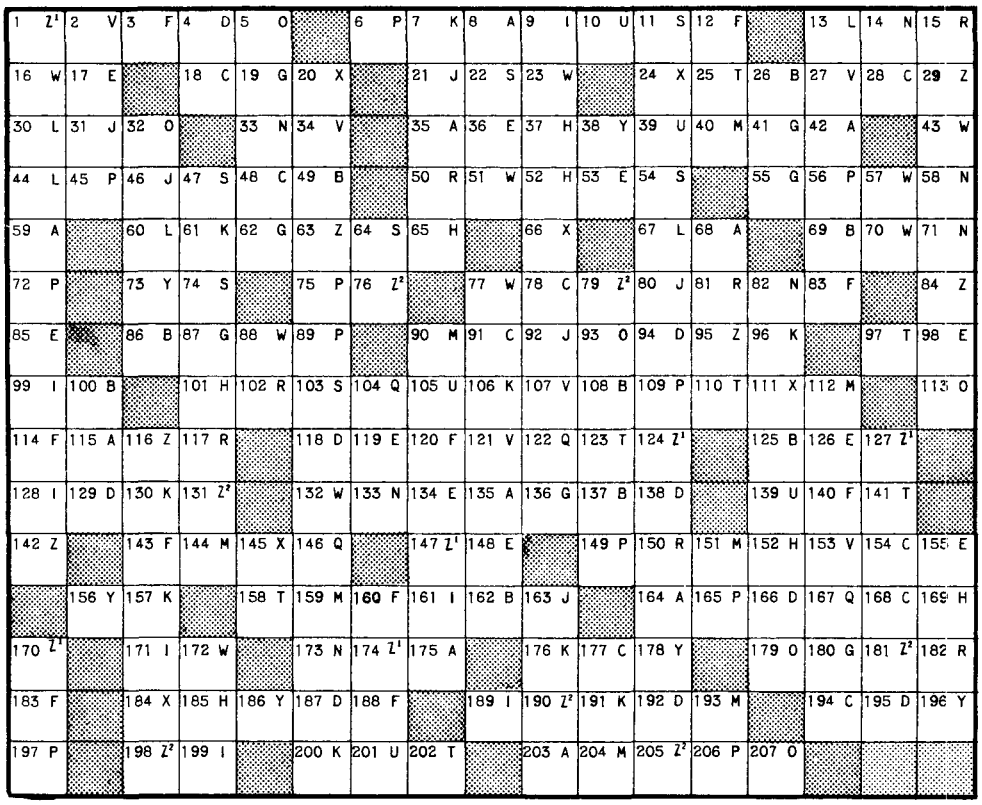

Number 108

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. In the fore-and-aft line of a vessel	8 42 68 175 35 59 115 135 164 203
B. Urban district, West Suffolk, England	26 49 69 100 137 162 86 108 125
C. Boat-shaped, as certain bones	177 18 154 168 194 28 48 78 91
D. American Civil War hero (1835–61), leader of a Zouave company	94 138 192 4 118 129 166 187 195
E. Performed or supplied quickly (comp.)	17 126 148 36 53 85 98 134 155 119
F. Laughing uncontrollably (2 wds.)	120 183 83 114 140 160 12 143 3 188
G. Manners, dignity	62 87 136 180 19 41 55
H. Resisting stubbornly to the last (comp.)	101 152 169 185 37 52 65
I. Threatening	99 128 171 199 9 161 189
J. Forming the source or origin of a person or thing	21 46 80 92 31 163
K. Winner, USLTA men's singles, 1971, and Wimbledon, 1972 (full name)	130 157 176 61 96 106 191 200 7
L. Characterized by or indicating fear	13 30 44 60 67
M. Austrian composer (1860–1903; *Der Corregidor*; full name)	151 159 112 204 90 144 193 40
N. Native or resident of ancient kingdom also called Susiana	58 71 133 173 14 33 82
O. North American finch of the genus *Pipilo*	93 113 179 207 5 32
P. Visionary; not designed for actual use	45 75 89 109 149 197 206 56 6 165 72
Q. Fitting, proper	104 122 146 167
R. Experimental	182 15 50 81 117 102 150
S. Overweight	22 47 64 103 11 74 54
T. Organic luminescence, especially from certain fungi on decaying wood	97 25 141 158 110 123 202
U. Subject	10 201 39 139 105
V. Breeding ground, especially for something bad	2 34 121 107 153 27
W. Incense, anger	16 57 51 172 77 88 132 43 23 70
X. Carbohydrate common to apples and currants	145 20 24 184 66 111
Y. Former French colony in southeast Canada	73 38 156 178 196 186
Z. Narrate	95 63 29 142 84 116
Z¹. African fly, genus *Glossina*	1 124 127 147 170 174
Z². One of the rare earth metals	76 131 190 79 198 205 181

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 107* appears on page 52.

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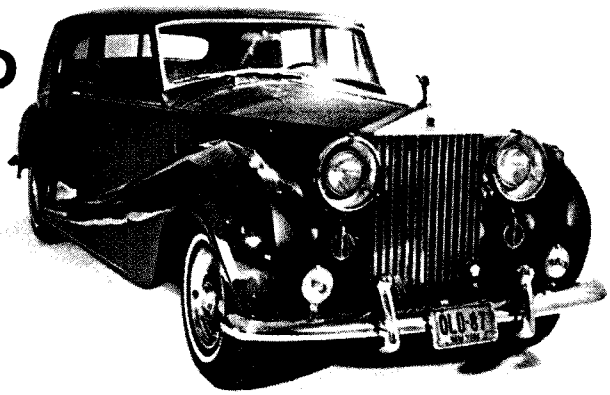
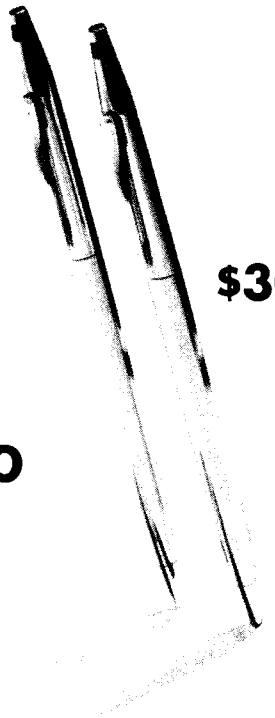
*PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY •
86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

$85000



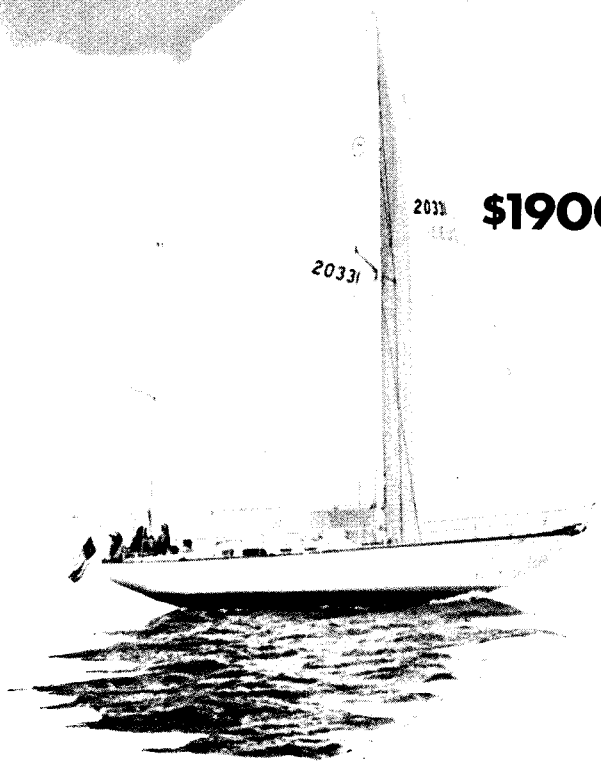
$16500

$3200



$300

$190000



$13*

Why think of it as an expensive Scotch when you can think of it as an inexpensive luxury?

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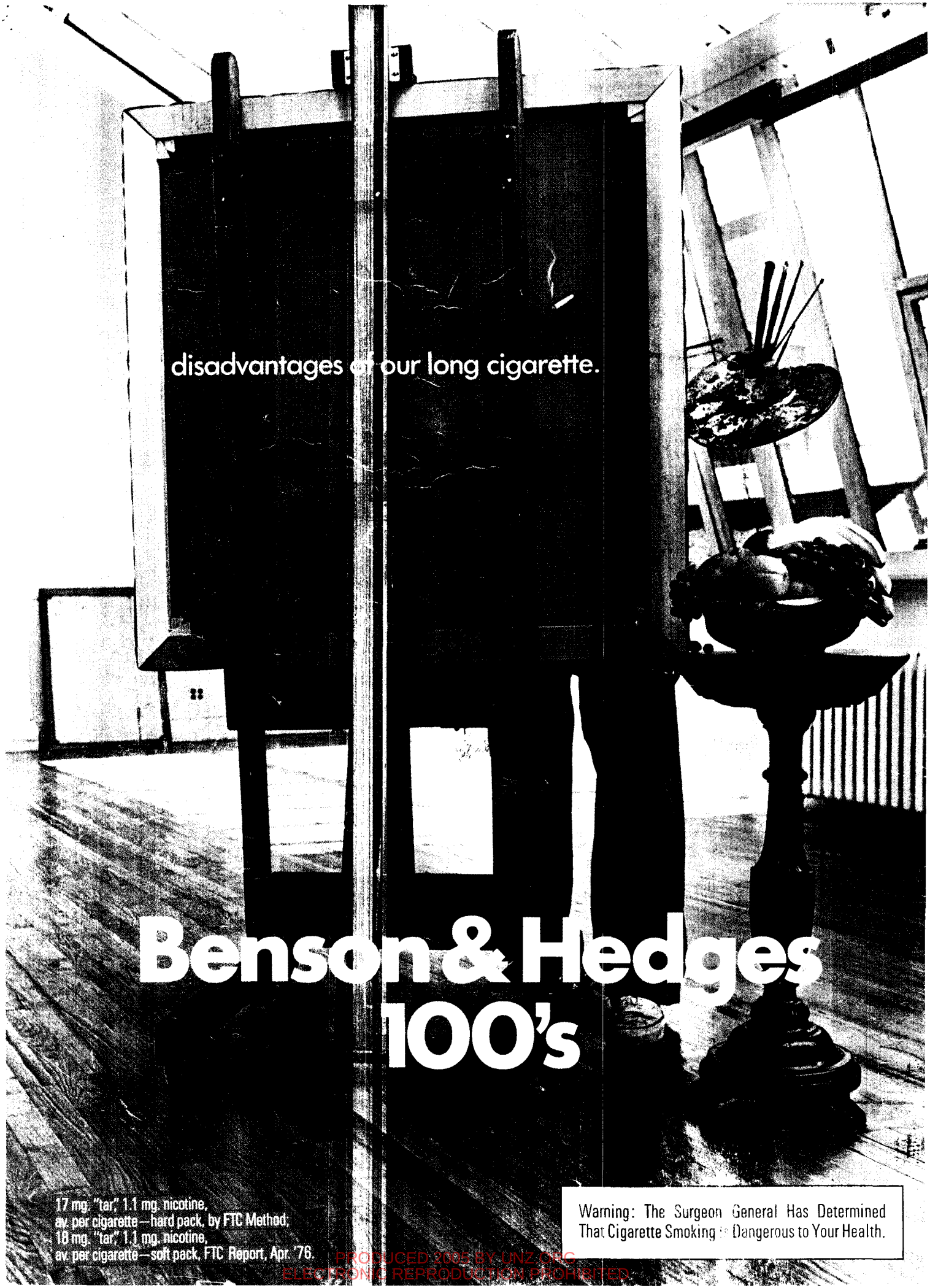
disadvantages of our long cigarette.
Benson & Hedges
100's
17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Apr. '76.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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